FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX" Regd - and be safe

THE SPHERE, JANUARY 13, 1945
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXX No. 2347 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 13 1945

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

For INFLUENZA and COLDS
1/3 & 3/- Incl. Purchase Tax
Sold everywhere in tablet and powder form.
Cephos Pronounced See-foss REGD THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY
is safe and certain

You'll HEAR BETTER With
Ardente
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE
CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE TEST
Mr. R. H. DENT, M.Inst. P.I.
309, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
ARDENTE LTD.
TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 1380 · 1718 · 0947

The new, less expensive –and smaller–post war LAGONDA car will carry our name into markets hitherto unacquainted with what Lagonda has signified to discerning motorists for over 40 years.

Welcome Always - Keep it Handy
GRANT'S Morella Cherry Brandy
Over 100 years' reputation for quality.
A limited supply available.

CHAPLINS
CELESTA
SHERRY
W. H. CHAPLIN & CO. LTD. ESTABLISHED 1867. LONDON & GLASGOW.

The Drink of Distinction
WILLIAM YOUNGERS Scotch Ale

"WARDONIA"
BLADES
FOR BETTER SHAVES.
"SMOOTH AS A FINE LIQUEUR"

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
Office : Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

'Second to None'

GREYS
CIGARETTES

Better and firmer packed with honest-to-goodness tobacco

IN TWO SIZES:
STANDARD 20 for 2/4 · BIG 20 for 3/2

Greys Appeal for
'AID TO RUSSIA'

Russian cities, towns and villages are battlefields. Men, women and children are wounded and in pain. Medical and surgical supplies are desperately needed to save their lives. Russia has asked us to send vast quantities.
As your tribute to our indomitable Allies, help to meet their call by sending a donation to:

Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross
'AID TO RUSSIA' FUND
St. James's Palace, S.W.1.

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.

Volume CLXXX No. 2347 The SPHERE, London, January 13, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT TO THE BELGIAN BATTLEFIELD, DURING WHICH HE MET FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY AT THE LATTER'S HEADQUARTERS whilst the battle against the Germans in the Salient was still raging. Accompanied by Sir Alan Brooke (Chief of the Imperial General Staff), the Premier is here leaving Headquarters to motor to an airfield from which he flew back to England

Following swiftly on his return from Greece, Mr. Winston Churchill paid another visit to France in the very early days of the New Year. During the course of this he had discussions with General de Gaulle (at which decisions were probably taken concerning the re-equipping of a new French Army) and with General Eisenhower. On his way home the Prime Minister conferred with Field-Marshal Montgomery at a small station in Belgium whilst the counter-attack against the German armies in the "bulge" was in full progress. Mr. Churchill was accompanied by Sir Alan Brooke, C.I.G.S. He returned to England by air on January 5—the day on which this picture was taken. His last previous visit to France was in November 1944, when he took part in the Armistice celebrations in Paris

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.: Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 280

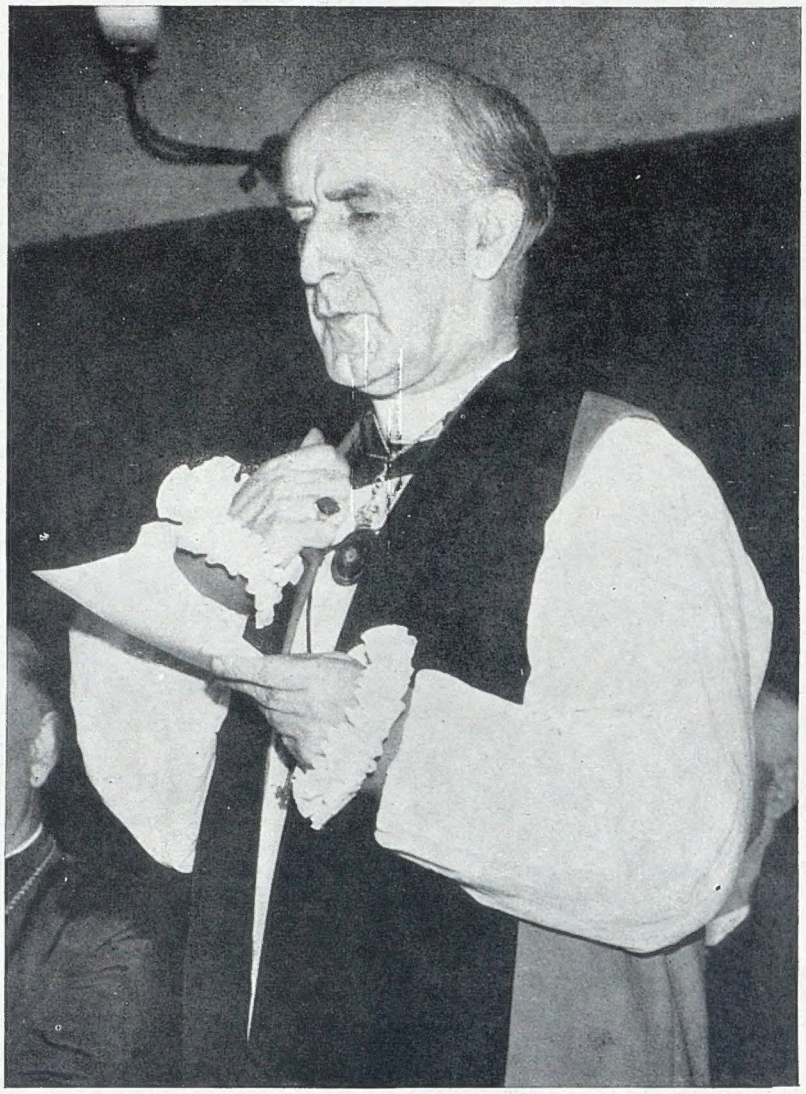
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

On to Our Finest Hour.—

The fury of the "last great battle" (as we hope) must now increase on all fronts, for the light is coming back, the worst of the fog soon will be over and the ground will become fit for tracks and wheels, and the sky for air armadas. Even now in Budapest and the Ardennes the tempo should satisfy the most robust and blood-thirsty, not to speak of Italy and Burma and the Philippines. We at home, harassed everywhere by regulations, war-worn and here and there still war-battered, must from to-day, and *positively*, begin to play again a rather nobler role in the drama of our finest hour. For, indeed, we owe that to the young men who are "drinking death like wine" in half-a-dozen bloody Austerlitzes. Decent statesmen are once more calling on the Press of the Allies for a nobler contribution; are pointing out how strong must be, for good or ill, the influence of the Allied Press on the victory and on the resettlement. And that Allied Press is a *mélange* of nobility or decency, and of baseness. There are proprietors and editors in both England and America who will be diverted from their personal, selfish, narrow aims by no prayers and no pity and no thought of the young men dying all day long. The Anglophobe American Press boss who had his bottom kicked at an English school will go on to the end sowing distrust of Britain among his U.S. readers. And the mean-minded, sensation-hunting British editor will continue his "forum" of scandal, rumour and grousing in the interests of his circulation. But a vast majority of proprietors and editors are decent at heart and sentient of pity and patriotism, and will surely now at this crisis ennoble by a little the matter of their columns, and think more of the big cause and less of private ambition. And, indeed, it is high time (if this fearful tragedy is ever to end) for every citizen, private or semi-public or public servant, to return again to the standards of decency forced on them in our darkest hour in 1940; to pull together, pull as a team, forget personal ambition, drop mean expedients and base designs and personal vendettas, leave the past and the future for a while to take care of themselves in amnesty or amnesia, and concentrate on the present, with speech restrained and effort limitless, with constant loyalty and discipline and burning enthusiasm. How many more bitter lessons do we need? How many more last chances can we expect? So only, and so at last, we may all be on the stage to ring the curtain down on Our Finest Hour, having so played our parts, small or large, that every one of us will deserve a special call from the audience of our Posterity. Come, let us forget the littleness of the human mind and remember its attributes of greatness.

News Bulletin ?—

Once in a way one gets a hateful suspicion that even "straight" news from an honest vehicle may be tinged with Government propaganda. Thus, in the news bulletin at 9 p.m. on the night of Mr. Churchill's return from Greece, the "straight" announcement (at which we rejoiced) of his safe return was a mere exiguous piece of ham in a fat sandwich of clumsy propaganda and obvious special pleading designed to "justify" his journey and to "justify" the success of his intervention. No such propaganda was necessary; no such propaganda is tolerable in a news bulletin. No doubt, it would be strenuously denied that any padding was served out with the item or that any sauce was mixed for improving the taste of the dish. No doubt it had nothing to do with anybody concerned. But the propaganda was *there* all right, and it left a nasty taste in my mouth. I sometimes wonder if *any* information served out nowadays to the public is free from this all-pervading onion-taste of propaganda on behalf of some cause, some body, some individual. It seems that the Briton is gradually losing the last chance of regaining his right to think for himself, to form his own conclusions from facts and events.



NOMINATED BY THE KING AS THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, the Bishop of London, whose appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury in succession to the late Dr. William Temple, has just been announced. Born fifty-seven years ago and educated at Marlborough School, he became a master there and in 1914 succeeded the late Dr. Temple as Headmaster at Repton School. In 1932, he became Bishop of Chester and in 1939 Bishop of London and Dean of the Chapels Royal. He holds the distinction of becoming Archbishop of Canterbury little more than twelve years after his consecration as a bishop. In 1917, Dr. Fisher married the granddaughter of the former Headmaster of Repton, Dr. S. A. Pears; they have six sons. Four of them were in the Army by the end of 1943, the other two being at school

Earl Lloyd George.—

An earldom has for centuries been the customary reward of any Premier who wished to take it on. Many did; a few did not—e.g., Gladstone, Bonar Law, MacDonald. If an earldom was still a "reward" in 1918, no one then living could have denied that Lloyd George deserved it with knobs on. A dukedom would not have been too high an honour for the man who had won the "war to end war"; and if he had taken a peerage in 1918, I dare say that his political fame would have stood even higher to-day. But to-day he is eighty-two, an age when the most robust remember that life on earth is not everlasting, and that in the next world the Table of Precedence is drawn up on other lines than those in *Debrett*. Such considerations could never enter the mind of any candidate for a peerage to-day—and certainly not a man of Lloyd George's stature Only by accepting an hereditary peerage can a man continue his service in Parliament in "another place." His acceptance of an earldom will not affect, by the chance of death, the career of his political (younger) son; but I do not know that it will help his political daughter in her fight for a "democratic way of life" to be saddled with an unconcealable "handle to her name." I admit that his decision surprised me. I thought he would live and die the Great Commoner, David Lloyd George. But I am always being surprised nowadays; and by nothing so much as by our unchanging and apparently unassailable institution of hereditary peerages, with their necessary appendages of courtesy titles. I admit that to-day I dislike the idea of hereditary legislators. Many men who succeed to peerages prove the salt of Parliament and well perform an inherited talent for public life and office. But many more have no such merit.

Horror of the Pit.—

In my life, I have suffered more than I like to recall from the mental disease caused by claustrophobia. It takes many forms, has its source in many chance causes, often unrealised and suffered in extreme youth. Few sufferers would say that resolution, courage or medical science can cure it. It is a complex which, at its peak period in any individual, is beyond cure. Some of its forms will yield to time. It can never be totally eradicated. It is mercifully rare. If it were not so, we could never have recruited our needs for aeroplane crews, submarines and the mines. When, therefore, I read of a youth impressed to the mines expressing a sheer horror of going underground, I understand that it may be a heart-cry from a sufferer, expressing a feeling which he simply cannot govern. No magistrate should condemn, before he has tried to sift the genuineness of such a plea; for, rare as the disease is, it is by no means unique; and in my own experience it is sheer torture and incurable. Indeed, it is a nightmare to me to think of compulsion to the mines in a genuine case. I know too many people now alive who simply cannot travel in a lift, a tube or a non-corridor carriage, or remain sane in a locked room, to think lightly of the suffering which may be forced on a genuine case of claustrophobia among Bevin boys. In my experience, doctors think or know too little about this dreadful mental or nervous affliction and the agony and handicaps it brings to its victims.

Confused Voices.—

Sentence of death has been officially pronounced (and not too soon) against the grey squirrel, which is a serious menace to our food production in farm and gardens. Everyone with a gun must shoot the creature, the Ministry of Agriculture commands. Yes; but it is only *semi*-officially commanded. If the policeman comes round and finds you shooting the creature without having first paid 10s. to the Treasury, you will be fined at least a sovereign. Thus we perceive how very inexpensive to the State, and even profitable, are the labours undertaken by volunteers, and also how many and diverse and contradictory are the voices of Authority in Whitehall. You may, and must, perform your duties as a magistrate, but you must largely make those voluntary bricks without straw. Your minimum petrol requirements will be cut down by half by the Fuel Controller, and your clerk will be refused a licence to buy a duplicator (to disseminate Home Office instructions) by the Board of Trade. One could multiply instances of this Babel of contradictory voices which is Whitehall in war. The building trade knows all about it, and so do the farmers. We shall perhaps learn a valuable lesson for the next war from this present war. A small War Cabinet to co-ordinate plans and departmental instructions for the Home Front is as necessary for the efficient conduct of the war effort as is the inner Cabinet which plans and co-ordinates war strategy. A magistrate sees a lot of the injustices and confusion of lack of co-ordination at Whitehall. For a month past I have sought high and low for a bicycle-lamp battery. It is unobtainable within 10 miles radius of my home. But I must sit in judgment on half-a-dozen "malefactors" who have been caught by the police going to their work in the black-out without the proper lighting. They would be penalised if they were late for their war-work, and, living five miles or more from their work, how else can they get there but on bicycles?

"By Any Other Name."—

I sympathise with the burgesses of Vichy for their vigorous protest against the vulgar association of their city with Pétain and the Collaborationist Government of 1940-44. None would dare allege that because Pétain had his "Government" there, the people of Vichy were tarred with his brush. On the contrary, they would have had the best opportunity for despising it. It is just bad luck. I forget the name of the Midland town which sheltered the poisoning activities of the infamous Palmer. It is said that its citizens applied to the Government for authority to change the name of a city which had been all too notorious during the trial, and that Palmerston smilingly suggested the change to "Palmerstown." (But I don't know if the dates justify the old story.) The city kept its name and lived it down. Was it Rugeley? And after its fashion-eclipse, black satin came into popularity again, when the hanging of Mrs. Manning in black satin was forgotten. It's just a question of time; and in times of frequent sensation the time to oblivion is short. It should therefore be short for Vichy. There is not the slightest danger that five years hence a citizen of Vichy will be looked down on outside his purlieus. And Vichy-water will never dilute the pure spirit of patriotic Vichy citizens. But if a new name is insisted on, they might do worse than *Eau-de-Vie*, or simply V.

THE OLD STAGER

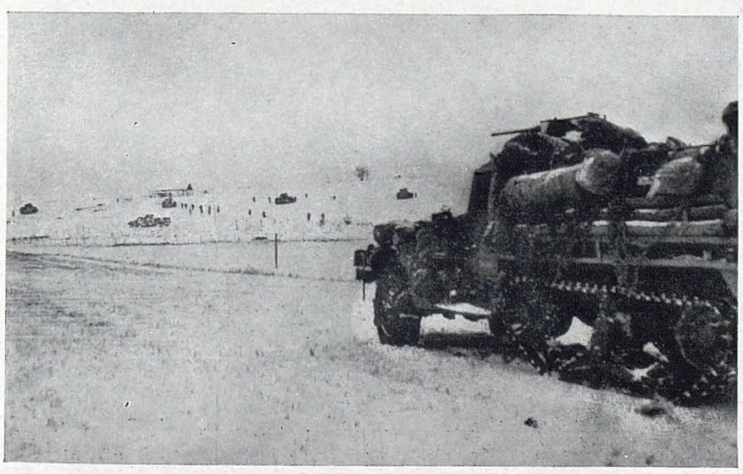
THE ALLIED DRIVE IN THE "BULGE"

British and American Forces Work in Co-operation to Drive Back the German Forces

BRITISH TROOPS MOVING UP TO THE ATTACK IN THE MARCHE AREA, in the northern part of the big German "bulge" into Belgium: It is now known that British infantry and armoured units have been taking part in the counter-offensive on the northern side of von Rundstedt's salient. They are under command of Field-Marshal Montgomery, who is also in command of the First and Ninth U.S. Armies as well as the British Second and Canadian First Armies. This picture, and the one below, were taken when British infantry were moving up to the start line for the attack on a German position near Marche: they were supported during the fighting which followed, by tanks and light armoured units

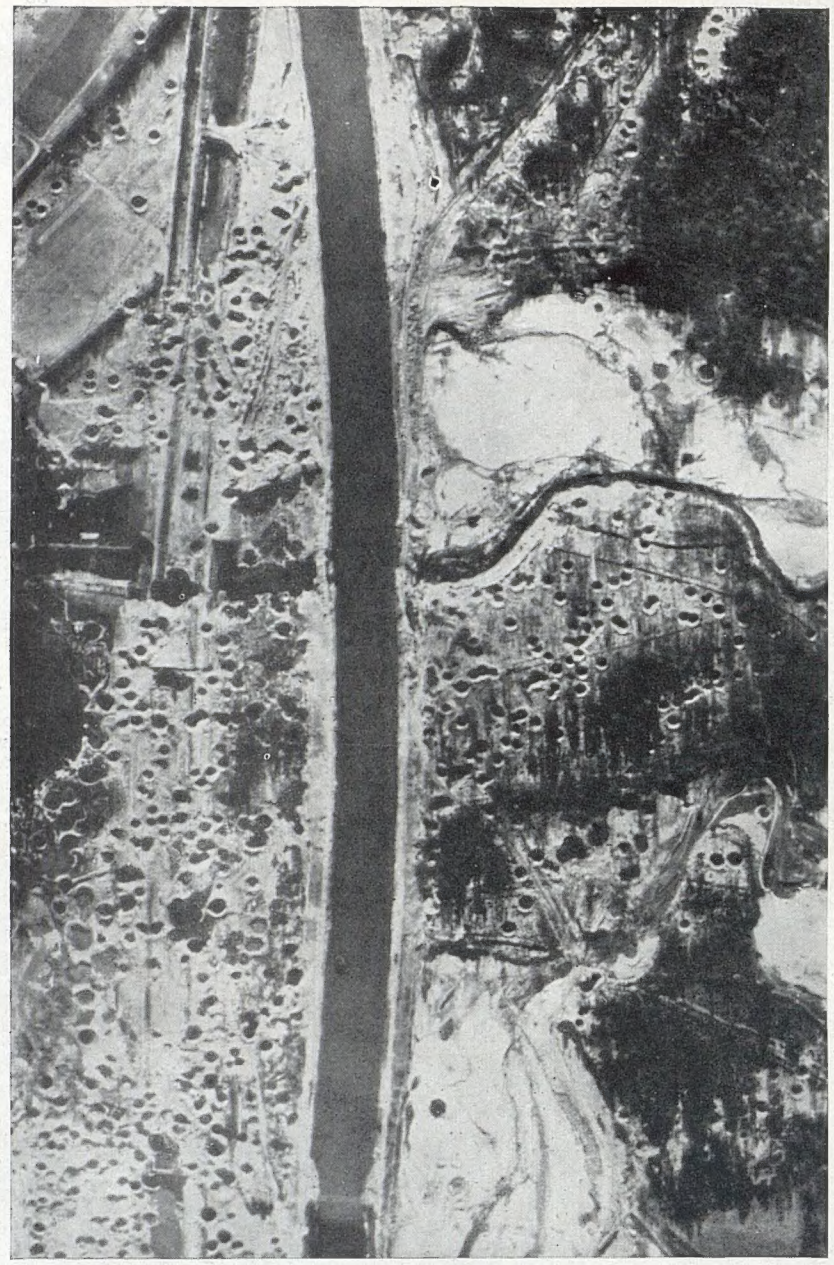
FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY and the Generals who are fighting under his command: All the troops on the northern side of the German "bulge" are now under a unified command. Here are the men whose armies are now working in co-operation: from left to right—Lieut.-General Sir Miles Dempsey, G.O.C. British Second Army; Major-General Hodges, G.O.C. U.S. First Army; Field-Marshal Montgomery; Major-General Simpson, G.O.C. U.S. Ninth Army; and Lieut.-General Crerar, G.O.C. Canadian First Army. The picture was taken after a conference at Field-Marshal Montgomery's Headquarters

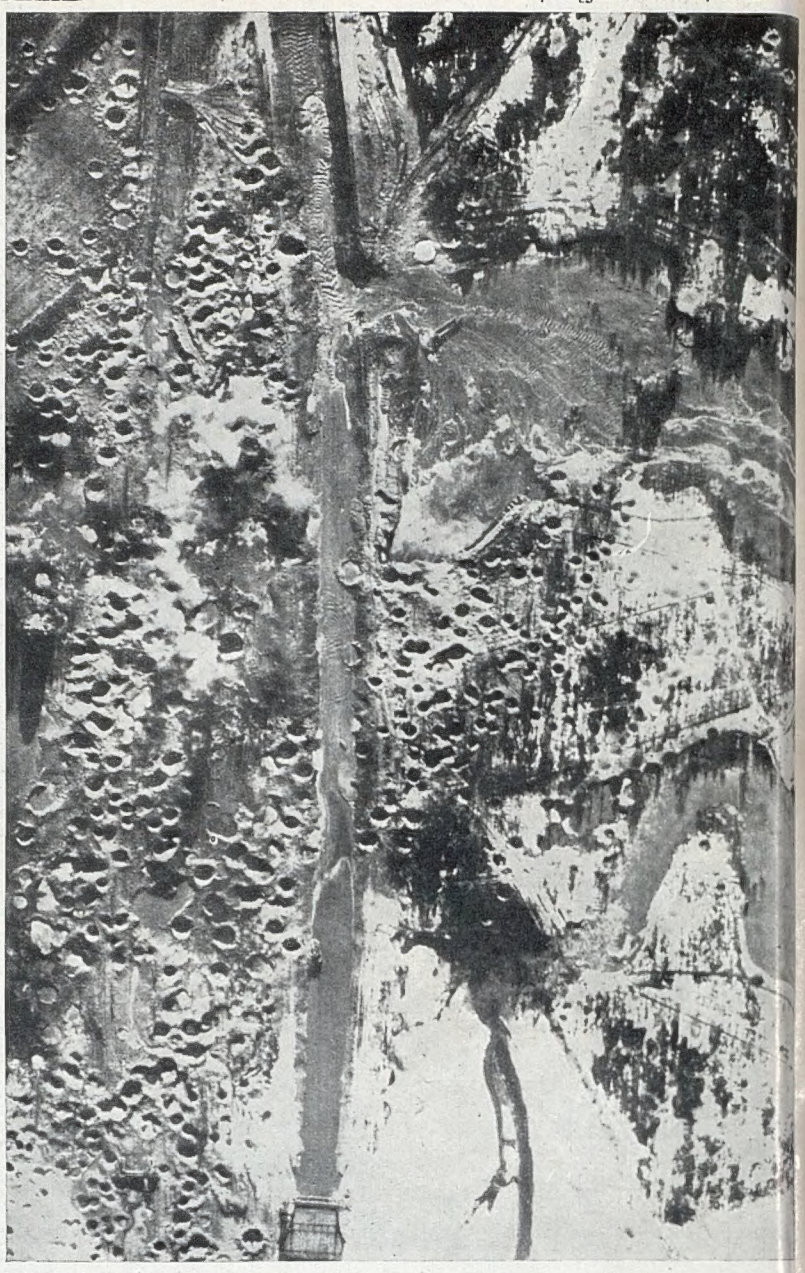
BRITISH-MANNED SHERMAN TANKS MOVING UP TO THE BATTLE FRONT NEAR MARCHE: This is to the north-east of Rochefort, where British troops put in a strong attack on the northern side of the German salient and drove the enemy back for a good distance towards Houffalize. The advance was made in thick snow, and tanks played a large part



IN THE BASTOGNE AREA: Across snow-covered plains, armoured infantry—supported by tanks—advance cautiously to attack German positions on the southern side of the German salient

GERMAN INFANTRY, WHO ATTEMPTED TO STORM THE 101st AIRBORNE COMMAND POST IN BASTOGNE, mown down by machine-gun fire after their supporting tanks had been knocked out





The BOMBING of the DORTMUND CANAL

—For the Fourth Time

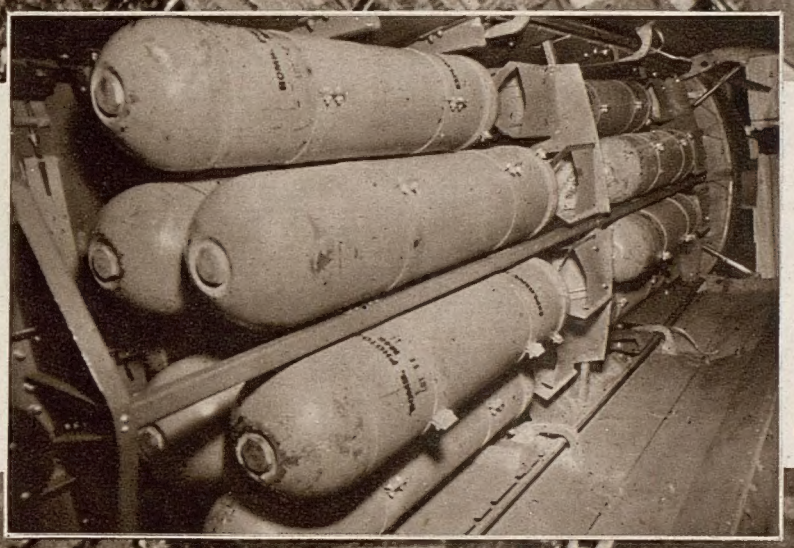
And the Campaign Against the Nazi Centres Behind the Western Front

R.A.F. BOMBS DRAIN THE DORTMUND-EMS CANAL FOR THE FOURTH TIME : *On left*—A reconnaissance photograph taken on December 25, 1944, showing how the Germans had repaired the water channel, which was fully operational, craters on either wall of the channel have been filled and the walls reinforced. The eastern channel, still dry, is now covered with bomb craters and apparently abandoned. *On right*—Water pouring through the breach in the western channel after the attack by Bomber Command Lancasters on January 1, 1945

After the Germans had spent weeks repairing the Dortmund-Ems Canal and had just got it working again, it was drained once more on January 1 by Lancasters of R.A.F. Bomber Command. This is the fourth time that Bomber Command has put the canal out of action, though this attack was the first in daylight. Immediately after the last attack on the night of November 21, 1944, the Germans set to work on repairs. At Ladbergen, near Munster, where the attack took place, the canal has two branches, and the Germans had sealed off the eastern branch and concentrated on repairing the western channel. Walls had to be reinforced and a 190-ft.-wide breach filled in. After the attack of January 1, reconnaissance showed that the canal is once more out of action

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE KEY POSITION OF HOUFFALIZE, IN BELGIUM : Before 250 lb. bombs from the Ninth Air Force hit road junctions and levelled buildings, this smoke-covered village, 19 miles east of St. Hubert, was an important communications centre in the Nazi bulge into Western Belgium. Medium bombers battered the village twice in twenty-four hours during the recent all-out aerial assault against von Rundstedt's counter-attack in the central sector on the Western Front

ALLIED BOMB-DAMAGE TO THE RAILWAY YARDS AT GIESSEN, IN GERMANY
Enemy rail communications are receiving a heavy pounding from Allied bombers. Photographic reconnaissance shows the extensive damage caused to the railway yards at Giessen by the R.A.F. and Eighth Air Force. The reconnaissance carried out on December 24 includes the results of two attacks by each force in that month. Here are the crater-marked yards . . . practically all the tracks are cut in at least one place



DAY AND NIGHT

Two Remarkable Pictures of the "Flash Bomb's" Great Effectiveness

Above — **TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE BRETEUIL, IN FRANCE—BY DAY; *Below*—The same scene —by night; *On right*— The flash-bombs which make the night bombing possible**

In these two pictures, taken at 10,000 ft. over Breteuil by the U.S. Eighth Air Force, a striking comparison is shown between night and day photography. The upper picture was taken in daylight; the lower, in the dead of night by the use of flash-bombs and an extremely fast lens. So clearly is the target illuminated that individual tree shadows along the road may be counted. The picture on the right shows the flash-bombs in their bay just before the take-off. The fuses are specially set, so that they will explode in mid-air, where their terrific intensity of light will illuminate the target for miles around

E.L.A.S. and POLICE CLASH in ATHENS

The Tragic Scenes on December 3-4 which Precipitated the Present Great Crisis in Greek Affairs

—A Series of Dramatic Pictures Recently Received in London

AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE FROM THE E.L.A.S. SIDE, TAKEN JUST AFTER THE FIRST CLASH BETWEEN THE PARTISANS AND THE GREEK POLICE: Shouting demonstrators point to the bodies of two of their number—a man and a woman—who were the victims of a conflict between demonstrators and police on December 3 in a street in Athens. There were four main clashes during which 15 persons were killed and 148 were wounded: that was the spark which set the whole of Greece ablaze and caused the tragic train of events which culminated in Mr. Winston Churchill's dramatic dash to Athens

THE PRO-AMERICAN ASPECT OF ONE OF THE E.L.A.S. DEMONSTRATION: Shouting "God Bless America!" and "Roosevelt! Roosevelt!" the partisans waved a huge U.S. flag as they marched in protest dow University Street. They were not hindered by the British, but t Greek police opened fire—and the situation soon got out of hand. was not long before what had begun as a riot developed into a seri of pitched battles in which British units were forced to take pa

AFTER THE GREEK POLICE HAD OPENED FIRE ON THE DEMONSTRATORS IN ATHENS ON DECEMBER 3. Just as the procession was half-way across University Str and almost in front of the Hotel Grande Bretagne, in which British officers were staying, the police opened fire with rifles and tommy-guns. The cro immediately fell flat to escape the bullets, but the police continued firing. When they stopped, the demonstrators got to their feet and started to pick the wounded and dead, and the police then fired on them again. This was a signal for firing to break out in many other places. The E.L.A.S. leade accused the Greek police of being pro-German in sympathy, and the people in general manifested great distrust of them during the early days of the unr

STREET SCENE IN ATHENS : E.L.A.S. demonstrators pass the corner near the Hotel Grande Bretagne marked by the dead bodies of two of their comrades, killed in clashes with the police. One of the dead is a woman : the other, a man, has his body covered with a British flag. The Communist hammer and sickle is tacked to a post on the right : on the ground, in the lower left corner, is a poster of Roosevelt and Churchill ripped down by angry partisans

A BODY OF DEMONSTRATORS COME TO A HALT IN UNIVERSITY STREET and kneel in prayer in front of the Palace at the spot where their comrades were killed. Other demonstrators pass around the British tanks and armed vehicles, whose occupants, however, had orders not to interfere with the partisans. This further demonstration took place on the day after the shootings, and led to renewed clashes between E.L.A.S. supporters and the police

ONE OF THE RESULTS OF THE RIOTING : A vehicle overturned and its contents dispersed during the disorders. This picture shows the scene from University Street looking into Omondia Square

AFTER THE SHEDDING OF THE FIRST BLOOD : A funeral procession, carrying a banner painted with the blood of the dead demonstrators, pauses opposite the Old Royal Palace on December 4. This was the scene of the first clash with the police on the previous day : a band played a Russian revolutionary funeral march

A MEMBER OF THE E.A.M. ARMY AIMS HIS RIFLE AT THE HOTEL HERMIS, IN ATHENS. Members of Right-Wing organisations and police were located in this hotel, whence they fired at the E.L.A.S. demonstrators in the streets below. All the houses in this neighbourhood are closed and shuttered ; the partisan with the rifle is wearing a steel helmet and uniform ; and his little band of supporters are all youths and young men

AFTER THE BRITISH FORCES HAD COME INTO ACTION : A group of paratroopers are here working in concert with a British tank in the round-up of partisan snipers in the Athens streets. Since then our forces have been constantly in action in many parts of the city

A HIDDEN LEGION BUTTRESSES the WEST WALL

Some of the Problems with which "Intelligence" is Confronted During Battles on the Western Front

Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

THAT positively-named branch, "Intelligence," has been having a draughty Press on the other side of the Atlantic. General Peyton March leads the critics' chorus. "Members of the Intelligence Services," he pronounces, "appear to have been unaware of a German force of 200,000 men. Imagine the population of Richmond, Virginia, being assembled across the Potomac and we not knowing about it!" Washington's Mr. Mitchie, of *P.M.*, sees Hodges' defeat through social spectacles. Army units "call G2 the polo players' unit, because early in hostilities there was quite a rush of society and moneyed strata into military Intelligence."

Long-distance knowingness of this description must sicken Americans somewhat closer to the battle who could remind March that there might be difficulty in discerning the population of Richmond, Va., if it moved only covertly in fog and forest, and advise Mitchie to add journalism to his strata, with the rider that journalists turned Intelligence officers have been known to over-write their copy.

Still, how came it that Rundstedt was able to mass three armies without rousing suspicion and achieve surprise when he struck with them? Had Shaef grown to be over-sanguine? Was it diddled? If both, to what extent were (*a*) forward Intelligence officers to blame?; (*b*) those farther back who appraised their reports? Was fitting attention paid to appraisals by neighbouring Allied armies? Did too much dependence come to be placed on air reconnaissance which in winter may yield nothing for whole days at a stretch? After benefiting for so long from the reports of friendly civilians, were those on the frontier, German or near-German, unresponsive, misleading even? Was the First Army neglectful about concealing its weak holding of the line? Answers to such questions are the last things we shall get at this juncture, or, indeed, until the present generation of bright boys start writing their revelations after the war. When, I wouldn't mind betting, Rundstedt's revival of surprise will be traced to a concatenation of the above factors. Plus one or two others.

CHECKING UP ON CIVILIAN REFUGEES IN BELGIUM: With a bicycle and pram holding a few of their scanty belongings salvaged from the devastated town of Bastogne, refugees are stopped by American military police, who check their credentials before allowing them to move out of the town in search of a new home. This measure of security is necessary, as a number of German soldiers have sought to elude capture by masquerading as refugees

Hardly ever can one place one's hand on an isolated cause and say: "There, that's where we slipped up!" Take diddling, for example. Diddling can be highly remunerative, but it won't, of itself, mould the opinion of a pyramidical skyscraper like Shaef Intelligence. I know nothing of present-day diddling, but that of the past was exhaustively publicised between the two wars, not least by the Germans who could be thorough at it.

When they wanted to mislead, they thought nothing of putting a corpse, or several corpses, invitingly in no man's land in order to provide a false identification of their troops in a given sector. In the pockets would be cooked diaries or letters. Another, although rarer, effort was to send over meticulously-coached "deserters," good actors ready to talk and with an excuse for doing so. The best that I recall was a young gentleman named Schwarz. Schwarz's technique was to refuse to talk at all at first. A deserter, yes, because he wanted to get through the war with a whole skin. But nothing more. He wouldn't betray his dear Fatherland.

Only when an expert German-talker was put in with him, dressed up as a fellow-captive, did Schwarz open up. This was the moment he had been coached to wait for. When we should put in a "pigeon." Clever going: the reluctance to speak, so that, when he did, we should be "conditioned" to gobble up what he said. The Germans even carted a select batch of men from one part of the front to another, and had them carry out a raid so that the division to which they belonged should be "identified" scores of miles from where it really lay, ready to take part in a surprise push.

And there were other methods of hoodwinking, such as faked battle orders and documents duly found on prisoners, concocted wireless transmission and gunners' tricks designed to focus the enemy's attention in a certain direction. I've long thought that in this war the Nazis would go several points better in the way of mystification, especially in getting us to "identify" formations which either didn't exist, or were definitely not where we "located" them. However, to-day is another story. . . .

The more so, because there is a further aspect of Rundstedt's revival of surprise which needs to be absorbed by us all, Forces and civilians alike, both here and on the Continent. I refer to the unexampled opportunities which the Germans had to leave behind trained agents in the liberated countries and the facilities they retain of adding to their number.

Kipling once versified about the spy legion that followed "The Standard of Yellow." In sober truth, there's a legion following the Nazi "Standard of Brown," and not an atom of doubt but that Hitler relies on the information he gets from these left-behinds, to aid him read the minds of our commanders, so that he may block their pushes, thereby drawing out the defence of the Reich. The nature of the visitation may be gauged from a statement by the French Minister of the Interior. Up to mid-December (Adrien Tixier told the Consultative Assembly), the security authorities had arrested 2,000 spies, 1,300 of them during the previous few weeks. Some 500 had been tried and sentenced by courts martial.

Clearly discernible is the fact that an espionage situation unexampled in modern annals now exists across the Channel—and it isn't only a question of France, by long chalks. Belgium, Italy, Holland, and anywhere else we go, it is or will be of a sameness. Places like Rome are verminous with would-be Nazi-Fascist agents.

Latest report tells of eight executions, including twenty-six-year-old Paola Trivolzio, and Field-Marshal Alexander made a point of publicising the shootings in the most forceful manner, because the Germans recruit easily by saying the Allies punish but lightly.

Nearer home the position is more complex, with the Nazi agents more numerous, daring and difficult to spot. In the latest razzias in Paris, carried out jointly by special squads of French police and U.S. military police, some of those taken were wearing American uniforms, including a German recognised at a night-club by a member of the F.F.I. Such as he have hidden in Paris since its liberation. Nor is it wise to omit from the picture agents making their way across France from the Atlantic coast "pockets" whose whole *raison d'être* is, let us hope, being closely re-examined in the light of recent happenings.

We are all sick of spy scares, but this is something different: a brand-new situation liable to affect directly the degree of success or failure attending future Allied thrusts and parries in the west, and therefore, the length of the war. Moreover, it is a matter in which we can all help the competent authorities. But firstly—

Taisez vous! Méfiez vous! Les oreilles ennemies vous écoutent!

("Don't gas! Be on your guard! Enemy ears may hear you!")

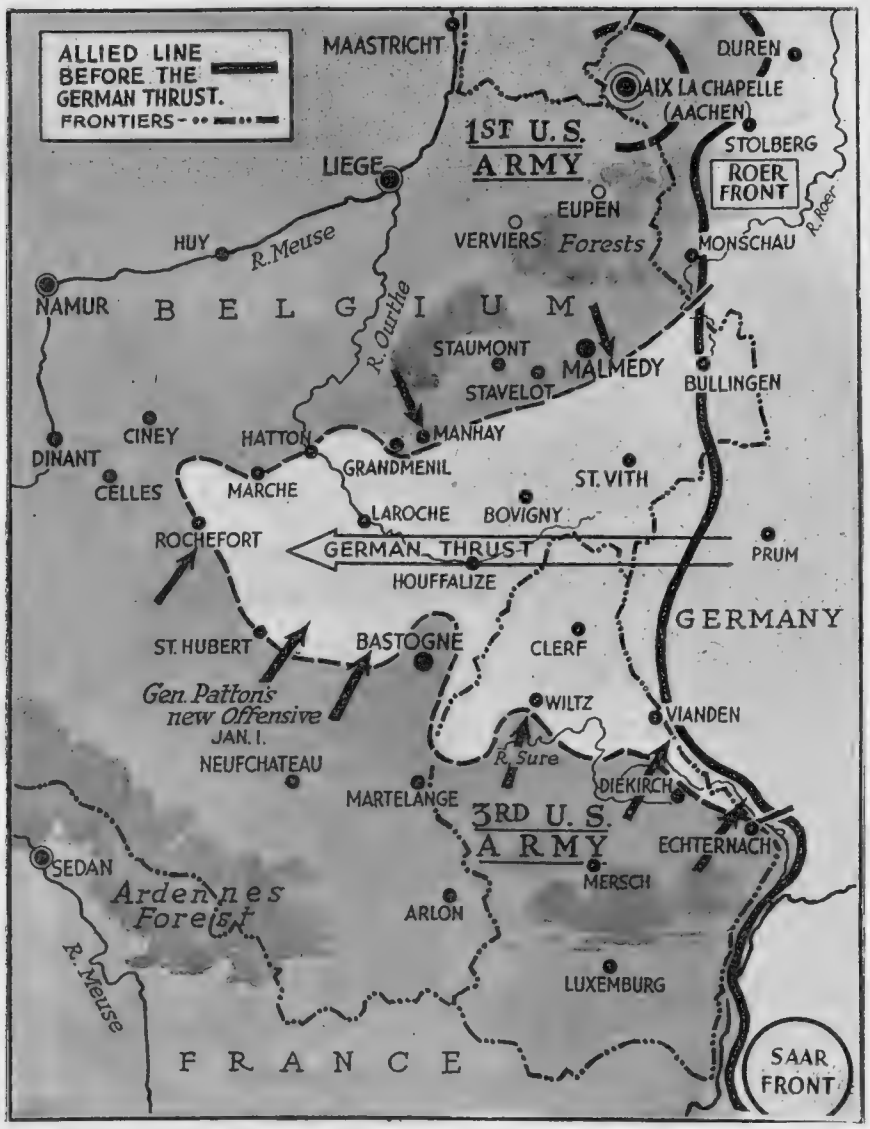
Does this most famous of all spy warnings again hang where once it did—on all the walls of Paris, even the most unlikely ones? Besides putting all our visitors to Paris through special "anti-gas" treatment—members of the Forces, privileged camp followers and entertainers, the whole caboodle—and indulging in mystification of the hidden legion now circulating in the liberated west, it is earnestly to be hoped that neither we nor the Americans will exert the slightest contrary influence when the French wish henceforward to apply any degree of *épuration* they choose. If we do, the chances are we shall be giving Fifth Columnists the opportunity they are seeking to spy upon ourselves and our activities.

This business is far more serious in its Continental aspects than its home ones. It is well that our men returning on leave should be warned not to discuss even with their families subjects which might give away secrets about the battle-fronts. It is well that we civilians should be reminded about careless talk. But, frankly, a people that can keep as quiet as it did about the year-long preparation of "Mulberry" (which alone made our invasion of the Continent possible), a test of how to keep a secret worthy to take its place beside the conspiracy of silence that surrounded the tank twenty-nine years ago—needs only to be reminded for it to relapse into silent gear. This people even got a bit tired of being told to practise discretion at an earlier period when the sceptred isle was the repository of so very much—and foreign diplomats had code and cipher with which to correspond with their Nazi friends.

The problem is largely an Allied Forces' affair. On the Continent, and travelling to and from it. A spy offensive such as this *can* be checked, but only by alert-minded methods void of politics and kid gloves.

A YOUNG NAZI S.S. TROOPER IS CAPTURED: While digging in, on front-line positions just outside Bra, in Belgium, soldiers of the Third Battalion of the 504th U.S. Parachute Infantry Regiment, 82nd Airborne Division, met a patrol of Nazi S.S. troopers on reconnaissance. In the resulting clash, several of the Germans were killed, but this tough-looking, emphatic young soldier was taken prisoner

TWO FRENCHMEN WHO DID THE NAZIS' WORK during the occupation of their country: ***On left*—Henri Beraud,** the French writer, whose contributions to the newspaper *Gringoire* were conspicuous for their scurrilous attacks on Great Britain and General de Gaulle. He was sentenced to death a few days ago by a Special Court in Paris, but appealed to the Court of Cassation. The defence was that Beraud was "honestly mistaken." ***On right*—Paul Chack,** also sentenced to death in Paris, was an official at the French Ministry of Information in 1939. He continued to work for the Germans after the occupation, drawing a salary of 68,000 francs a month. He is sixty-eight years old, and had been a Captain in the French Merchant Navy before the war



THE ADVANCE FROM PRUM TOWARDS DINANT, ON THE MEUSE—the main axis of the German thrust into Belgium. The enemy reached Celles, within four miles of the river, and was then held owing to the terrific pressure by the Americans on both northern and southern flanks. With the advance losing its momentum, great blows were struck at Bastogne, Stavelot and other points, causing Rundstedt to withdraw his armour and infantry back towards the east

THE ENEMY SPEARHEADS CROSSING A ROAD IN EASTERN BELGIUM during the first days of their big advance. This picture is taken from a captured German film showing how the enemy attack was launched

GERMAN INFANTRYMEN PASSING BURNING AMERICAN VEHICLES BY THE ROADSIDE: Over the whole scene hangs the mist which proved such a valuable ally to the Germans in the initial stages of their break-through

HOW THE GERMAN ATTACK CAME

Two Diagrams Showing Where the Enemy's Thrust was Made

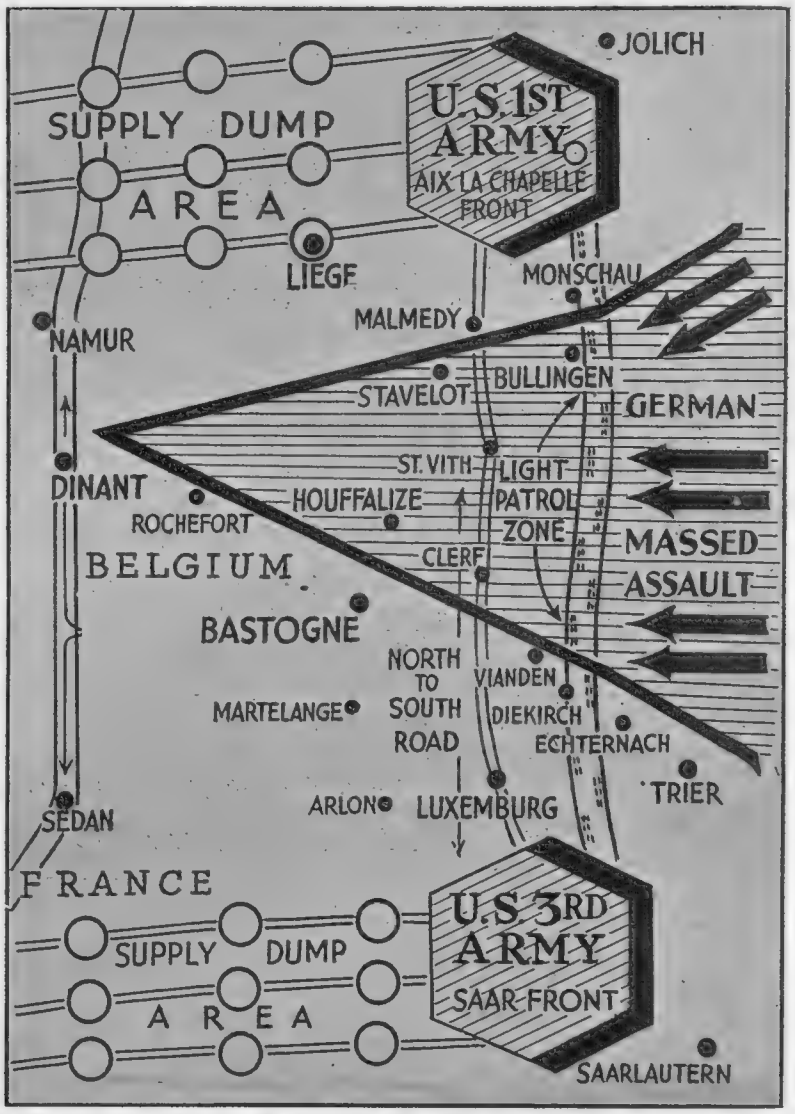
Just how far the U.S. First Army in the Ardennes was taken by surprise when the Germans launched their massed assault on December 16-17 will probably not be known for some time to come in full completeness.

But there are certain things about the break-through already known. Only three days before Rundstedt hit out, a First Army patrol had actually advanced east of Monschau; this sortie was made without meeting any really stiff resistance from the Germans. It is now apparent that the enemy backed away deliberately in order not to reveal his special and growing concentrations in the area.

A GERMAN PICTURE taken in the first days of the drive: In the background is a captured American half-track vehicle

That the American screen along the Ardennes "front" was only a light one appears to be confirmed by the personal narrative of a military commentator, who declared that the First Army's line was so thin as to be unable to present a continuous front: he was able to drive along the great road immediately behind the front on the day before the attack, almost without seeing an American soldier!

That it was a weak sector was generally acknowledged: the nature of the country, and the general condition of the enemy's positions along the western front, were held to preclude any reasonable likelihood that they would attack here. Nevertheless, the Germans had managed to amass some twelve divisions, and armour which included a number of the new Royal Tiger tanks. These great concentrations had not been observed from the air, for no disposition of American reserves had been made to meet them.



A DIAGRAMMATIC RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BIG GERMAN THRUST across the lightly-held section of the American front. A considerable amount of stores and supplies was captured by the enemy

Once the attack was on, the defenders put up a good resistance in circumstances which were charged with confusion. Groups held out at certain points, hampering the rapid sweep which was the enemy's desire; and a stroke of luck came to the U.S. Commander, in the fortunate presence of a crack division just when and where it was wanted. This occurred in the region between Monschau and Stavelot.

Behind the main armies lay big supplies, with other big dumps in the region intervening. Some of these were retrieved; others fell into enemy hands. These regrettable losses happened chiefly in the very centre of the area.

HOW THE ATTACK WAS LAUNCHED BY THE GERMANS

—Two Descriptive Drawings by *Sphere* Artists Showing How Tanks and Infantry Came Forward Against the American First Army

THE GERMAN ARMOUR GOES FORWARD IN THE ECHTERNACH AREA IN DEEP SNOW : THE SCENE ON THE BOURSCHEID ROAD, beneath a picturesque ruined castle, and made a penetration into [Amer

—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker* It was clear from comments made in the early days of the big German thrust that the offensive was, in some sectors at least, a surprise. Engineers told how they looked up to find Panzers rolling over the hills through the snow. There had been heavy falls along most parts of the Western Front just before the big attack was launched, but the snow seemed to impede the heavy fighting vehicles but little. The scene of the above drawing is the village of Bourscheid, located just on the bend of the road, which, at this point, is overlooked by a picturesque ruined castle. The Americans were forced to retreat here round the bend, as the big German tanks swept on

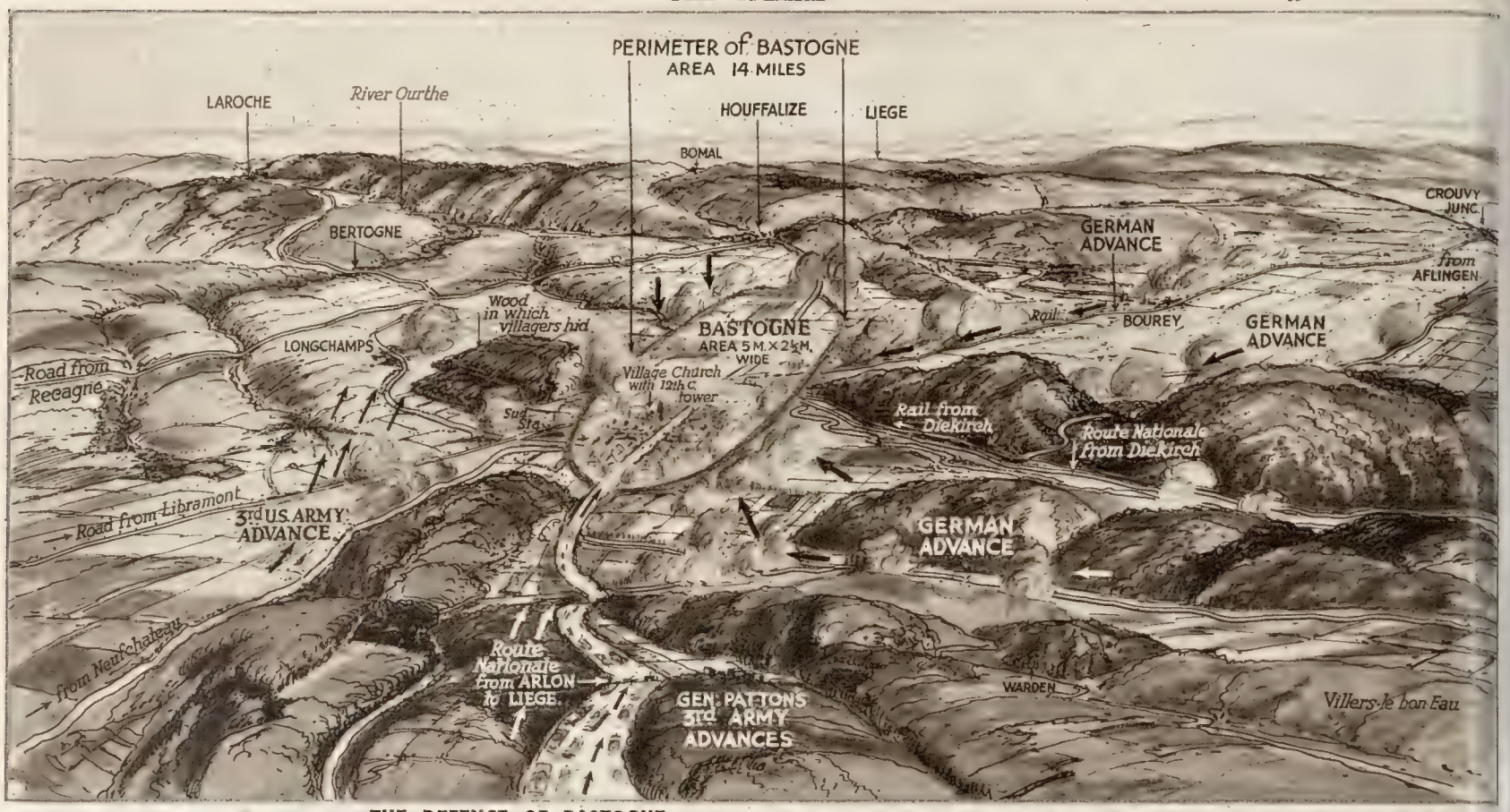
A GERMAN ROYAL TIGER TANK KNOCKED OUT when the U.S. First Army recaptured the Belgian town of La Glieze, near Stavelot. This latest type of armoured fighting vehicle is enormously powerful, with wider tracks than any other type. They are manned by the very pick of the German tank men

***On right*—THE FIRST MAD RUSH OF THE "GREY HORDES" OF GERMANS INTO BELGIUM. They came on in old-fashioned "waves," yelling and shouting, regardless of losses from machine-gun and tank fire from the Americans**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

This was the scene in the Monschau Forest, on the north side of the big salient created by the German advance, as General Hodges's troops were overrun by Rundstedt's onslaught. The forest was full of mist as wave after wave of German infantry were hurled forward regardless of casualties. When the Germans were 70 yards away, they jumped off the tanks which had brought them to the scene and began yelling at the top of their voices : some of them were shouting and blowing whistles and shooting off revolvers, "just like cowboys at a rodeo." It was either the effect of rum, or an attempt to intimidate by sheer noise !

AS THE PANZERS WENT INTO ACTION
American lines of many miles in depth

ON THE NORTHERN FLANK OF THE GERMAN SALIENT IN BELGIUM: A vivid picture from a small town which changed hands several times during the savage fighting. The town is Manhay, now in ruins: a knocked-out American tank lies almost capsized in the ditch, with a dead cow in the foreground near by. Not a soul is in sight, and the ground is everywhere churned up by the artillery barrages. Manhay lies to the south-west of Stavelot, one of the key points in the struggle, and due west of St. Vith, which was overrun by the Germans in their first rush forward. It is typical of many of the small towns and villages which lay in the path of the contending armies



THE DEFENCE OF BASTOGNE, THE AREA, FOURTEEN MILES IN CIRCUMFERENCE, WHICH WAS AT ONE TIME ATTACKED BY THE GERMANS FROM ALL SIDES. This detailed view shows the oval, 5 miles long by 2½ miles wide, where the U.S. 101st Airborne Division tenaciously held out for eight days—*Drawing by Percy Home*

When the Germans surged westwards across the Ardennes, an American division, forced back by the massed enemy pressure, was ordered to hold Bastogne, an ancient village nestling in a pretty oases of meadows amid the wild hill country which surrounded it. Through it runs the Route Nationale from Arlon to Liége : another main road runs to Laroche. Wooded ground lies to the west and north-west. The rail links with the main northern line from Luxembourg. The enemy seemed to make use of every road in the neighbourhood, for, after a brief space of time, his tanks and other armour appeared on every side of the area held by the division. This measured 5 miles by 2½ miles, with Bastogne itself at the northern end of the oval. Out beyond, farm buildings and every bit of available cover were held along the 14-mile perimeter, and for eight days an intense struggle was maintained against an enemy determined to break in. Ammunition and food began to give out, but this was remedied by planes dropping a mass of parachute bags. The inhabitants had retreated to the thick woods to the west of Bastogne. Then came the turn of the tide, with the advance of General Patton's Third U.S. Army from the south. They came by way of the main roads through Luxembourg and Arlon, reached the southern edge of the defended area, relieved the garrison and also pressed westwards, clearing out villages and widening their salient

The GREAT GERMAN DRIVE is COUNTERED

Diagram Drawings of Four Critical Sectors where Rundstedt's Forces were Slowed Down—and then Beaten Back

The sudden drive into Belgium and Luxembourg by the Germans began on Sunday, December 17, when, after a day of artillery attack, Rundstedt opened the Christmas offensive by pouring in two great columns on a 60-mile front between Monschau and Trier. He had chosen the position well, as this part of the line had been quiet for a long time, and was lightly held. The area was high and dry, away from the flooded districts and under cover of low cloud and fog, and the massing of panzer columns had failed to be observed. Surprise was complete, and the troops of the American First Army, though resisting stoutly, were swept aside as the spearheads of heavily-armoured super-Tigers and Panthers forced their way into Monschau and on towards Stavelot and Malmedy, in the north, and entered Vianden and northern Luxembourg on the south. The going was very good, as the roads, recently improved by the Allies, were in excellent condition and there were no mines or tank obstacles.

For five days news came very slowly. For those critical days a wet grey fog clung over the battle area, grounding the air force, so that the enemy raced along unseen. The enemy tanks seemed to be everywhere. It was only known that Rundstedt could not fan out north or south owing to the stubborn defence of Stavelot,

THE AREA THROUGH WHICH RUNDSTEDT ATTEMPTED TO REACH THE MEUSE AND (POSSIBLY) LIÊGE AND ANTWERP : The castle-crowned, hilly region around Esch and Wiltz, towards Celles (the farthest point of advance, only four miles from the river)—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

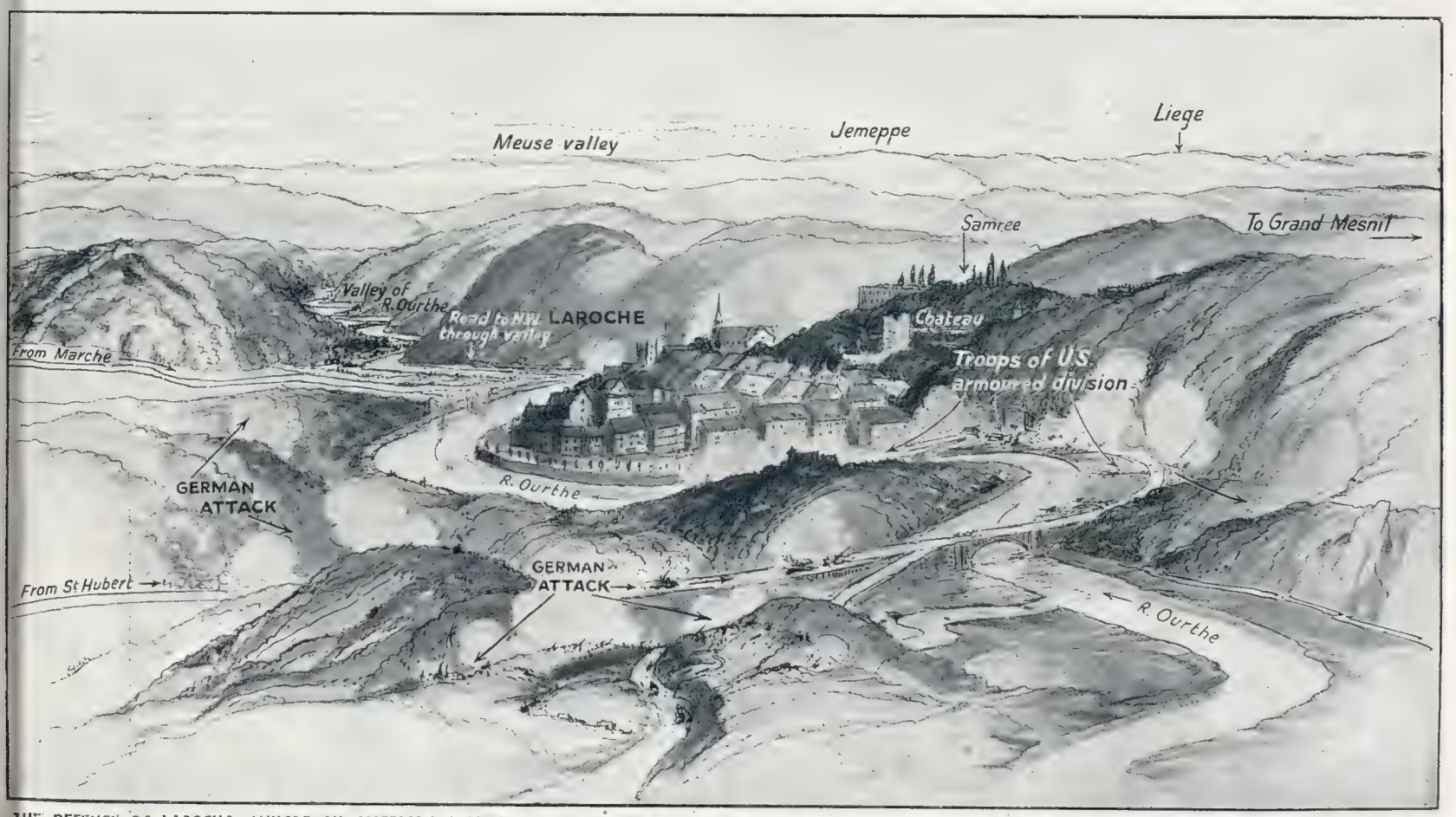
When the Germans pushed westwards, they swarmed along the roads to the west and north-west of Echternach, where they met a stubborn resistance. The area is studded with picturesque castles and châteaux. Esch itself is dramatic in the extreme, with an uprush of rock crowned with the ruins of the most ancient château of the Grand Duchy. The German columns pressed along the road through Wiltz, a very picturesque position divided into Upper and Lower towns, standing on a promontory above the river of the same name. On a wooded cape stands the château of the old Counts of Wiltz. This small hill town has splendid views, with many woods in its immediate vicinity

THE FIGHT FOR STAVELOT, ON THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE GERMAN SALIENT, where a great defence was put up at one of the "shoulders" by the Americans, and where sixty German tanks were destroyed between Leau Rouge and the Ambleve—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

One of the most dramatic of the series of special clashes between the U.S. forces and the advancing German divisions took place in and around Stavelot, an important road and rail point, the surrender of which would have opened the quickest route to the Meuse and Liége. The town lies up against the hills to the north of the Leau Rouge and the Ambleve. The latter is a much bigger and more important stream than the former, but both played a part in trapping some sixty tanks of the enemy. The drawing above gives an idea of the situation in which the enemy force found itself: although the original defenders of Stavelot had been subjected to a very hot time in the streets and immediate neighbourhood, sufficient forces appear to have materialised to check the German tank advance. It endeavoured to pull out of the awkward pocket into which it had run, but U.S. forces closed round it, and gradually liquidated practically the entire force. The streams here turn and twist in an astonishing fashion—baffling obstacles when a spirited resistance is being offered. The loop at Coo is one of the most spectacular

Echternach and Bastogne. Stavelot, a pleasant little town on the River Ambleve, surrounded by hills, was suddenly shocked on Sunday, December 17, by finding German tanks approaching the river. There was little time to prepare, but the defence of the bridge held the enemy for a time, till by sheer force they drove over and took the town. The Americans fought their way back into the town next day, and have kept the enemy the other side of the river ever since. At Bastogne, on the southern flank of the offensive gap, another splendid resistance was put up. The attack began on December 19, when fog lay over the hills. It was surrounded and by-passed by the leading enemy forces, while the Americans were cut off and besieged. Supplies ran very low, and at one time the ammunition for the guns had almost gone, when on Christmas Eve transport planes arrived, bringing all necessary things. On this day the fog had lifted, clear blue sky appeared and out came the R.A.F. fighter and American "heavies," bombing and strafing the enemy everywhere. It then became clear that the German forces had reached a point dangerously near the Meuse, not far from Dinant.

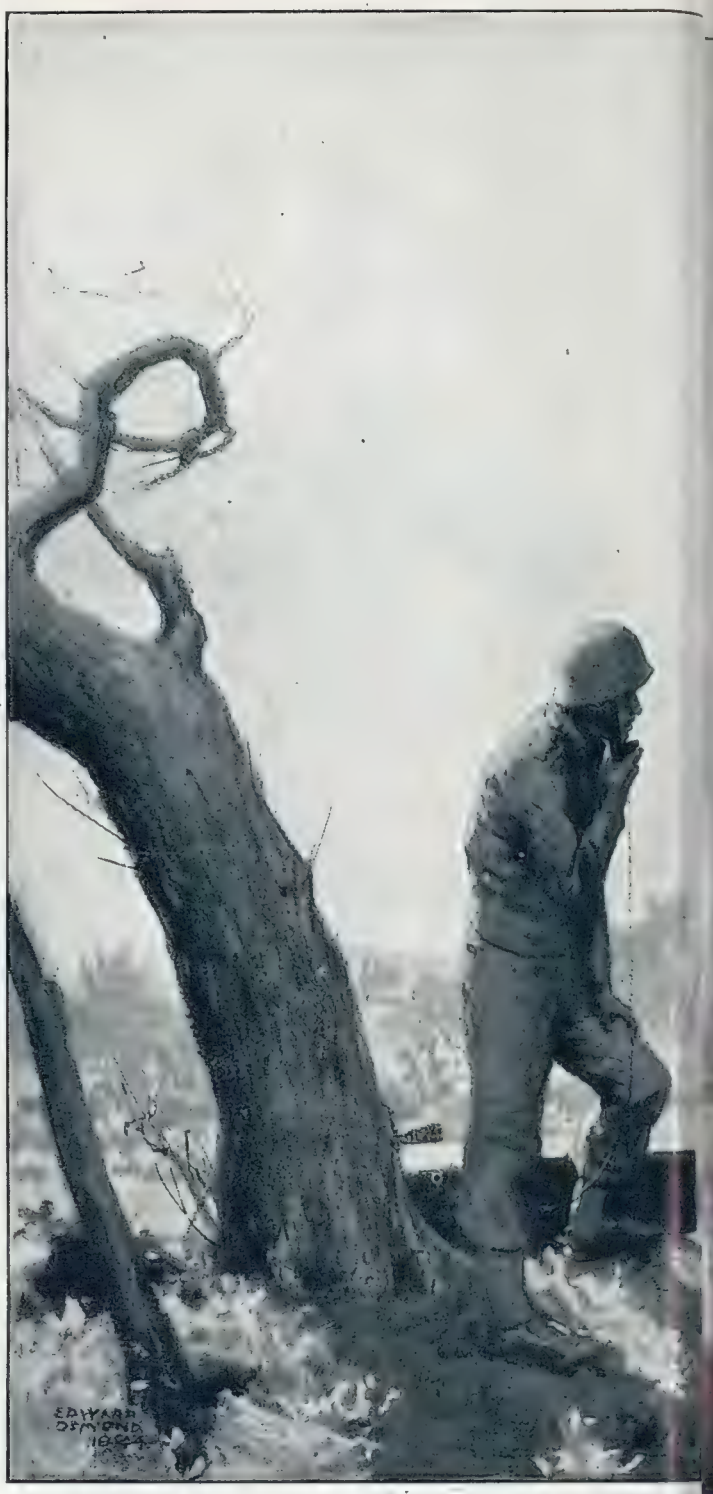
By this time the Allies had had time to collect their forces, and Rundstedt's spearhead was definitely halted at two small places, Celles and Ciney, near Dinant, where the German armour suffered a severe defeat. That was the extreme point reached farthest west, for the change in the weather, giving four clear days, which started on the 23rd, gave the Allied Air Force the chance they had been waiting for.



THE DEFENCE OF LAROCHE, WHERE AN AMERICAN ARMOURED DIVISION DELAYED ELEMENTS OF SEVEN CRACK GERMAN PANZER, INFANTRY AND PARATROOP-INFANTRY DIVISIONS. The Americans held out for a week of bitter fighting, and then fought their way out, mobilising even clerks and cooks in the struggle: their principal weapons were bazookas, carbines and a few tank destroyers. The little town, almost surrounded by the River Ourthe, lies due east of Rochefort: it presented peculiar defence problems, as, in fact, does almost every position in this Ardennes region—so varied is the terrain. The Americans are believed to have inflicted casualties on the Germans at the rate of five to one—*Drawing by Percy Home*

IN THE TOWN OF BASTOGNE, key-point on the south side of the German salient. Marching down the street are troops of an American Infantry Division who had been regrouped into security platoons for the defence of the town. Some of these soldiers had lost their arms during the rapid German advance in this area

THE HAMMERING OF THE NAZI ARMOUR: The German tank is burning by the roadside as one of the survivors of the crew is marched off at the pistol-point. At one point during the German advance, sixty enemy tanks were cut off and destroyed, and at many places heavy armour was knocked out in considerable numbers



AT ONE OF THE MAIN STREET INTERSECTIONS IN THE TOWN OF BASTOGNE, where, for eight days, Americans held out, although cut off from the main army. The town was severely damaged by German bombs and artillery-fire, but it was held resolutely as the rallying centre in an area 5 miles long by 2½ miles wide. The citizens who did not retire to the west when the German onslaught was launched against Bastogne took refuge from the shelling in the nearby countryside. The town was relieved by General Patton's Third Army coming up from the south, or Saar region

WHAT THE FOG AND MIST DID DURING THE FIRST DAYS OF THE BIG GERMAN ADVANCE : The scene at an American gun position, where the artillery were checked by fog for several critical days. Not only were the Allied aircraft grounded, but the guns were unable to range on the enemy owing to the lack of visibility—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

THE FOG OVER THE BELGIAN BATTLEFIELD

Which so Greatly Helped the Germans during the First Days

—And Photographs from the Battle Areas

During the earlier stage of the German thrust into Belgium it was frequently stated that all planes were grounded owing to dense fog and mist. On some days, when German massed divisions were creeping steadily forward on all the roads through Luxembourg and Eastern Belgium, the artillery could do little or nothing to stop this crawling, but ceaseless, advance. With visibility of a few yards, it might be possible to hear the enemy but yet be unable to register hits upon his tanks, lorries and men. Here is what one correspondent wrote: "The pea-soup fog of the past sixty hours has kept all our aeroplanes on the ground, or they might have cut these forces to pieces as they did to so many enemy columns in France and Belgium last summer. Fog hides the German movements from either air or ground observation. It also precludes aerial artillery from spotting, and so blinds our gunners." Another wrote: "Artillery spotting is out of the question just now. As a result, the fighting to-day adds up to an ugly picture of conjecture and uncertainty." In the drawing above, a U.S. gunnery officer has just asked H.Q. if there is any chance of air aid. No, there is none! Conditions are likely to remain bad all day. So one of the First U.S. Army's most powerful arms was nullified

HOW THE BIG AMERICAN SUPPLY PLANES CARRIED RELIEF TO THE DEFENDERS OF BASTOGNE : In four days of good flying weather, 842 twin-engined Dakotas were sent to the area held by the cut-off Americans, and more than fifty gliders were towed to land inside the narrow perimeter. The Dakotas did not land, but parachuted their supplies to the ground. The total tonnage dropped during these four days was 1,500 tons

FIGHTING HER WAY UP THE CHANNEL DURING THE RECENT HEAVY GALES OF WINTER,, a 10,000-ton cargo-ship brings her supplies into Britain. The spell of heavy gales during the concluding weeks of the past year was described as phenomenal—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

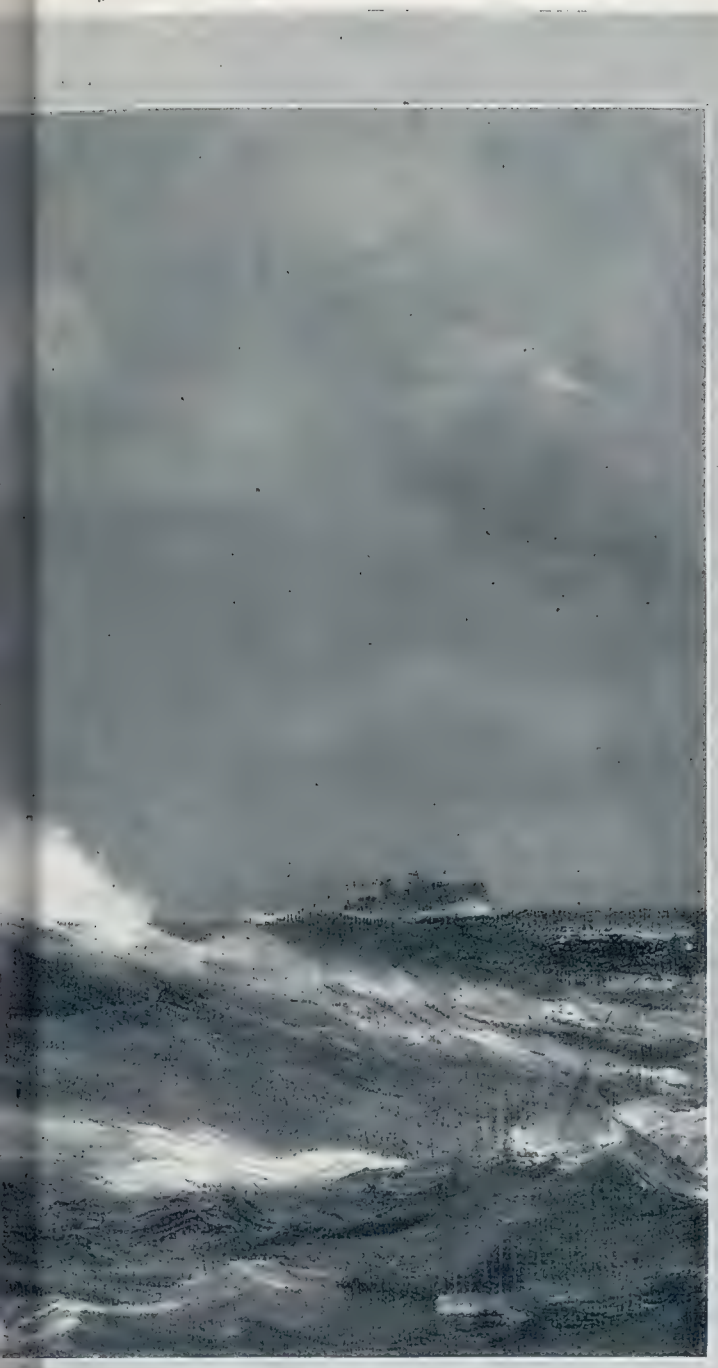
AT SEA DURING the WINTER GALES

The Work of the Merchant Navy, and Other Pictures of the War at Sea

THE TUG-BOATS OF LIVERPOOL ASSIST THE MERSEY SHIPPING: All hands are busy when the time comes to cast off the stern ropes and the ship heads towards the open sea. The tug which has been working on the merchantman's bow is seen on the right of the picture

Above—Some of the incoming cargo-ships durin past weeks have been "taking it green" as they forge their way up-Channel to British ports during weathe which has been phenomenal in many ways. Condition have been wintry in the extreme, with intense cold, fo and mist: during clearer conditions of visibility, gale up to 60 miles an hour were frequently reported; eve when the wind has abated somewhat, vessels have be seen riding out the heavy seas with two anchors dow On one occasion the gale lasted for as long as twelve hour with incessant rain to add to the other difficulties Throughout it all, however, shipmasters have brough their vessels into port, laden with war materials and wit vital supplies for the civil population

On left—During the raids on Liverpool, when th Mersey was heavily mined by the Germans, the river tugs and their crews carried on with the task of movin the shipping of the port, ensuring that the food supplie of a large part of the country were maintained. Sinc then they have played a vital part in moving vast quantities of material in and out of Liverpool. These tiny craf have performed amazing feats in towing disabled ship through the minefields, and have frequently been dive bombed while doing so. In the picture on the left, th vessel working on the bow of the merchant ship is th *Minegarth*: this tug, with the *Dongarth*, *Yorkgarth* an *Carlgarth*, went to the assistance of the tanker *Dorcas* when she was disabled in a minefield



FIRST PICTURES OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S PYGMY AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS : These are among the first to be released for publication. Vessels of this type are former merchant ships which have been adapted to carry aircraft and to operate along the convoy routes in the Atlantic. They have flight decks only 380 ft. long, and the naval pilots usually use less than 100 ft. in their landings and take-offs : the secret is, of course, the low landing speed of the specially-designed aircraft. Before conversion, the small carriers used to convey cargoes of 7,000 tons : now the cargo space is used as hangars, workshops, sleeping quarters for the flying personnel, and for other purposes. Note, in the above picture, the tiny bridge and Flying Control Tower pushed far forward and to the extreme starboard side. In the picture on the right is seen the net, which is only occasionally used to halt the planes

THE ROYAL NAVY STILL KEEPS WATCH OVER THE GERMANS IN THE AEGEAN : The Hunt-class destroyer "Lidderdale" intercepts three enemy landing-craft under the guns of the German batteries on the island of Rhodes—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

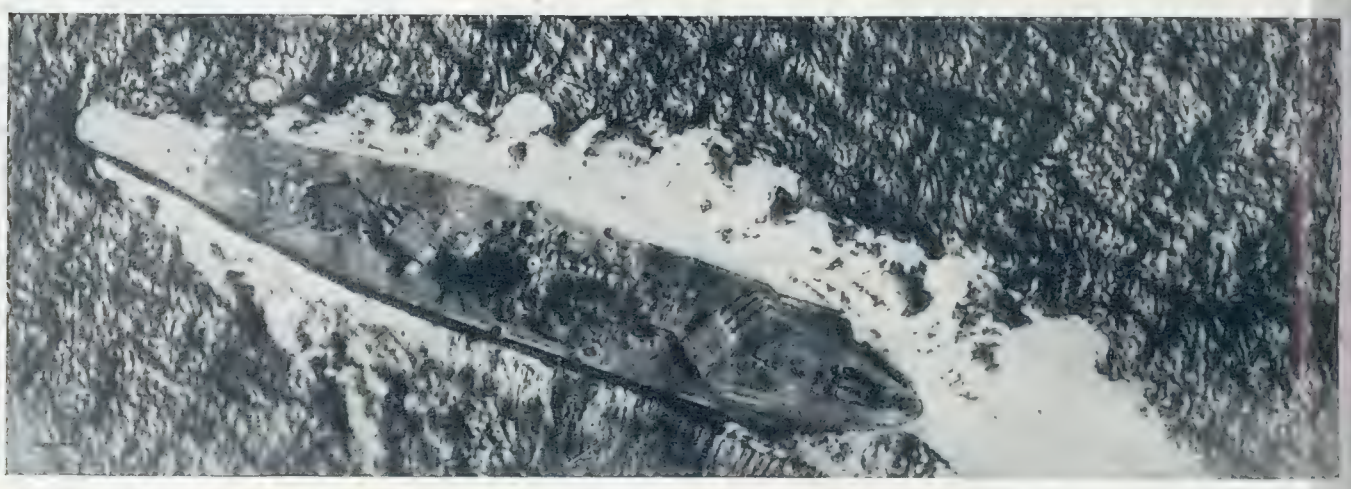
The landing-craft were attempting to put German reinforcements ashore on the island of Symi, north of Rhodes, so it is thought. One of them was blown up and sunk and another destroyed. During the action the *Lidderdale* came under the fire of the enemy batteries on Rhodes, but she suffered no damage. Symi was closely investigated the next day, and nothing was seen. It is considered that the landing was prevented. The *Lidderdale* is one of the numerous Hunt class : these vary a little in design and are about 900 tons displacement. Mostly, they are armed with four 4-in. guns and eight smaller weapons They have a speed of 27½ knots, and have proved a useful class of warship

THE SCENE IN THE HARBOUR AT MANILA (CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINE GROUP) AFTER A "STRIKE" BY AIRCRAFT FROM AMERICAN CARRIERS. This remarkable aerial reconnaissance photograph was taken over Manila on November 25. It graphically portrays the weight of recent American "strikes" against Jap shipping concentrated there. Thirty-three vessels, sunk or sinking, are visible in and near the breakwater harbour. The city of Manila itself, however, has been spared the devastation wreaked upon the shipping by Admiral Halsey's fast Third Fleet Carrier Force

THE AIR WAR IN THE PACIFIC

Where the American Pilots are Pursuing the Japs on Land and Their Shipping at Sea

—With a Dramatic Set of Four Pictures Showing an Escape from a Blazing U.S. Plane



KNOCKING OUT A JAPANESE BRIDGE IN THE PHILIPPINES: A crude wooden bridge, spanning a stream in an enemy-held section of the Southern Philippines, is attacked and demolished by low-flying medium bombers of the Thirteenth U.S. Air Force. The upper view shows the span as machine-gun bullets rip into the water beside it, while on the right it is seen to droop forlornly into the river-bed, cut neatly in two by the quarter-ton of bombs subsequently dropped on it. This bombardment was part of the action that is constantly going on against the Jap supply lines all the way from Mindanao, southernmost Philippine island, to Luzon at the northern end of the group

THE LARGEST BATTLESHIP IN THE JAPANESE NAVY IS DOOMED: Important armament and structural information is revealed in this aerial photograph of a new Yamato-class battleship, one of the two largest vessels in the Japanese Navy. Despite its frantic evasive manœuvring, the huge ship was unable to escape the bombs of the American Liberators which attacked it on October 26, 1944. This doomed vessel was part of the enemy task force which entered the Sulu Sea in an abortive attempt to interfere with the landing of American troops on Leyte Island during the invasion of the Central Philippines. There is reason to believe that the *Yamato* was a vessel of 32,726 tons, armed with eight 16-in. guns and carrying a complement of 74 officers and 1,258 men

THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS OF A U.S. CARRIER DRIVE OFF A JAPANESE DIVE-BOMBER: Smoking A.-A. guns, manned by crew members along the catwalk of this American vessel, hammer at an attacking Japanese dive-bomber during an action near Leyte Island, in the Central Philippines. Some of the crew are dashing across the flight deck to seek shelter, but others (beside the tractor) gaze skywards at the retreating plane, despite the danger from stray bullets. The planes in the background, with wings still folded, are of the type now helping to defeat the Japs in all parts of the Pacific area

AFTER A JAPANESE FREIGHTER HAD BEEN SUNK BY A U.S. BOMBER: Only the bridge of this ocean-going merchantman remains above the water, amidst scattered wreckage from its decks, after a bomber of the Fourteenth Air Force had scored a direct hit on the ship in the South China Sea. In less than three months, Major-General Claire Chennault's men sank more than 1,000,000 tons of Japanese shipping, in addition to destroying 2,260 ships of smaller size

A TRAGIC COLLISION BETWEEN TWO AMERICAN LIGHTNINGS ON THE AIRFIELD AT LEYTE: Black clouds of smoke and flame rise from the two P38's after they had collided on the island in the Philippines. One of the pilots was saved from the burning wreckage, but the other lost his life in the accident

1—Unknown to the pilot, the fuselage bursts into flames as he cuts his engine for a landing on the carrier. The torpedo-shaped object between the wheels is the auxiliary petrol tank, the end of which is dangerously near the blaze

2—Its belly completely ablaze, the plane comes in for a landing, as emergency squads—standing by along the catwalk—prepare to go into action. Fire-fighters in red caps, first-aid men in green, are ready to scramble up to the flight deck

3—Engine stopped, the pilot—dragging his parachute behind—dashes to safety along the wing of his flaming aircraft, as the fire-fighting crews get into position with chemical sprayers

4—The fire out, all danger past, the fire-fighters pump water to wash away the chemicals. Except for scarred paint, the Hellcat was unharmed and will soon return to the fight. One minute and thirty seconds elapsed between the time the plane touched the deck and the time the fire was extinguished

Like a meteor, a Navy Hellcat fighter-plane burst into flames as it approached its carrier, the U.S.S. *Cowpens*, during the recent operations against the Japs in the Pacific. Quick action by Navy fire-fighters (always on the alert during flying time) saved both the pilot and plane. In these dramatic pictures, the team-work of the fire-fighting units is well exemplified

THE FOUR DAYS OF FINE FLYING WEATHER, WHICH FOLLOWED THE FOG AND MIST WHICH HELPED THE GERMANS IN THEIR BREAK-THROUGH: Within 2½ hours of the sudden lifting of the fog, every squadron of the Second Tactical Air Force was up in almost perfect assault weather, filling the blue sky with innumerable white trails. The roads were crowded with German convoys and armour, which were attacked at once: around St. Vith and Bastogne the scenes were comparable with the appalling destruction wrought in Normandy during the final phase of that tremendous campaign—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE SWIFT TEMPESTS STRIKE AT TARGETS IN GERMANY and disrupt rail transport with their successful cannon attacks on railway sheds and sidings. Whilst diving down to strafe the lock gates on the Dortmund-Ems Canal, four flak towers which attempted to interfere were effectively dealt with by these fast-flying and hard-hitting British aircraft. It is to counter the Tempests, principally, that the Germans have recently been putting their jet-propelled Me. 262s into the air (as depicted in the drawings on the facing page)—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

BRITISH TEMPESTS versus GERMAN ME. 262s

Over the Belgian Battlefields

—And the General Allied Air Onslaught with the Coming of Better Weather Conditions

—Special *Sphere* Drawings

During recent weeks British pilots have reported that the *Luftwaffe* have been coming up in greater strength. This new development follows the recovery by the German armies of their "eyes"—the high-flying, very fast, jet-propelled Me. 262s. Previously, the pilots of the latter had always avoided close fighting, obviously under orders.

The Me. 262 is a single-seat, low-wing monoplane: its two turbo-jet propulsion units—of Junkers design—are underslung: the plane has a wing span of approximately 40 ft., and it is of all-metal construction. Until quite recently it had been used almost solely for reconnaissance purposes, although from well before D-Day our own planes had been successful in keeping them out of the air almost continuously whilst our Invasion plans were going forward.

The Tempest is almost of as great a speed as the Me. 262. In combats the British aircraft has achieved a number of successes over this best of the German types: these have been achieved mainly owing to the smaller turning circle of the Tempest and its greater manœuvrability

THE TEMPEST JOINS BATTLE WITH THE ME. 262: THE LATTER IS THE NEW, VERY FAST, JET-PROPELLED AIRCRAFT DESIGNED PRINCIPALLY FOR DEFENCE OVER THE REICH AGAINST THE SWARMING ALLIED AIRCRAFT. Despite its great speed, the Tempest (its principal opponent) can get into a fighting position much faster, owing to its smaller turning circle and greater manœuvrability. Combats are now taking place between the two types, although until quite recently the Me. 262s were obviously under orders to avoid a straight fight—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

CARRYING THE FIGHT INTO THE ENEMY'S OWN TERRITORY: OF LATE THE "LUFTWAFFE" HAVE BEEN OFFERING BATTLE TO THE TACTICAL AIR FORCE; CONSEQUENTLY, THE LATTER HAVE BEEN TAKING THE BATTLE TO THE ENEMY. This drawing depicts a recent scene over the German lines between the Maas and the Rhine, when one squadron of Tempests caught the defenders of Rhine airfields napping and bombed two German Me. 262s just as they were taking off. Both planes were hit and were left smoking on the ground—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

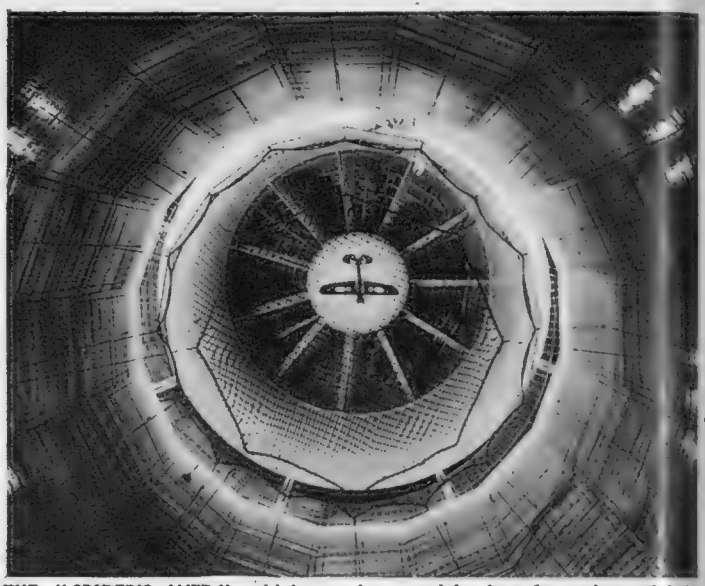
WAR COMES TO THE ARCTIC : A party of American Coast Guards land on the shores of Greenland. This landing resulted in the capture of sixty Germans, who had been sent to establish weather outposts on the island

NEWS PICTURES from MANY PARTS of THE WORLD

Showing Scenes of War and Other Allied Activities

MANNED BY A PRIZE CREW OF TWENTY-EIGHT U.S. COAST GUARDS, the Nazi armed trawler "Exsternsteine" approaches Boston Harbour after a 3,000-mile trip from Greenland, where she was cornered in the pack ice by two American cutters : Four U.S. Coastguard cutters, operating in the icy waters of the Arctic, have foiled three attempts by the Germans to establish radio weather outposts in Greenland, it was recently announced by the American Navy Department in Washington. One German trawler was sunk, another captured and a third was found abandoned. A radio station was destroyed, and sixty prisoners were taken, in a series of actions which took place between July and October of last year

A DISASTROUS AIRCRAFT CRASH IN CALIFORNIA : Broken into two sections, a huge Army transport plane is here seen lying in the dense undergrowth on Strawberry Peak, near Mount Wilson, in California, where it crashed recently. Eleven persons were killed and two others were injured. The wing and engines are at the left, while the tail is seen on the right, with wreckage strewn between the two. Rescue crews were still at work when this picture was taken, removing the bodies from the snowdrifts on the slopes of the peak



THE "SPIDER'S WEB" which catches model aircraft under trial in a U.S. Test Tunnel : Exact scale models of newly-designed planes are launched into the upward air-stream in this new vertical tunnel at Wright Field, in Ohio. The models are launched by an engineer of the Air Technical Service Command stationed on an observation platform halfway up the tunnel's test section, and at the completion of the test they fall into the web-like net of nylon seen in the centre. This interior view was taken from the base, looking upward, and shows the polished maple surface of the structure. The device is one of the many that have enabled the Allies to outstrip Germany in producing war weapons

WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM IN THE EAST : Wren J. Reynolds (of Hove) and Wren H. E. Smith (of Little London, near Basingstoke) about to go aboard an Avenger for air experience, to help them carry out their duties as W.T. operators more comprehensively. They are part of the personnel at a R.N.A.S. station in the Indian Ocean

THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY : Lieut.-General Lucien K. Truscott, Junr. (on right), with Lieut.-General S. C. Kirkman, Commander of the British 13th Corps. General Truscott, who was a commander in the Anzio Beach-head earlier in the Italian campaign, has now been appointed to succeed General Mark Clark in the command of the Fifth Army. He has been in the American Army since the fast war : he helped train the U.S. Rangers in England two and a half years ago, took part in the Dieppe raid and commanded the Third Division under Lieut.-General George S. Patton in the African and Sicilian campaigns. This picture was taken on December 12 during a conference at 13th Corps H.Q.

A NEW PACT IS SIGNED WITH ETHIOPIA : Lord de la Warr, Chairman of the British Delegation, photographed during his interview with Haile Selassie at Addis Abbaba whilst the negotiations between the two countries were in progress

LORD DE LA WARR, PLACING HIS SEAL ON THE AGREEMENT, is watched by the Ethiopian Premier, Bitwoted Makonnen (tallest figure at back). The candle is for melting the wax : A new Agreement to replace that of 1942 (which has now lapsed) has been drawn up between Great Britain and Ethiopia. A British Delegation, headed by Lord de la Warr, went out to negotiate it. British interest in the railway and town of Diredawa is being terminated, and an arrangement has been concluded in regard to the border areas. The Ethiopian Government, for their part, will continue to receive British assistance and support in the task of reconstruction and modernisation of their administration, with complete freedom to choose advisers of any nationality. The independence of Ethiopia has been reaffirmed, and Ogaden Territory and certain other areas bordering on British Somaliland and inhabited by Somalis are to remain under British Military administration

AN UNDERGROUND ARSENAL IN CHINA cut out of the solid rock to defeat the Japanese bombers : Here is a view of the entrance to the arsenal and factory built in a mountainside in South-West China. Inside is an intricate network of caves, in each of which another factory has been set up and is busily turning out war weapons without fear of interference by Jap bombers. In the picture is seen the exterior of the Optical Factory in Shaft Number Nine : the objects being passed out to the Chinese workmen are rangefinder cases. Note how the massively-constructed entrance to the cave is protected by the overhanging solid rock of the mountainside

THE INDIA COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF MEETS AN AFGHAN MILITARY MISSION : Headed by Lieut.-General Muhammed Umar Khan, Chief of the Afghan Army General Staff, a Military Mission recently arrived in New Delhi and met General Sir Claude Auchinleck. The Mission is now to tour India for several weeks to see something of the country's vast war effort. In the picture above, from left to right, are—Air Vice-Marshal Thomas, A.O.C., India Command ; Major Abdur Razak Khan, Afghan Air Force ; and Major Fox, U.S. Military Attache, during the visit of the Afghan Mission to New Delhi

THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER OF WAR : General Chen Cheng, who was appointed on November 20, 1944, to succeed General Ho Ying-Ching. He is forty-four years of age, and was the Commander of the Chinese Expeditionary Force fighting in the Salween River area in Burma

THE NEW FINANCE MINISTER OF CHINA : U. K. Yui, who succeeded Dr. H. H. Kung. He was formerly Mayor of Shanghai and had previously served as Vice-Minister of Finance. There were eight Cabinet changes made by Chiang Kai-Shek in November last to achieve a more effective prosecution of the war against Japan

A PERFECT LANDMARK FOR THE AMERICAN SUPER-FORTRESSES ON THEIR WAY TO BOMB TOKYO. The sacred mountain of Fujiyama as seen through the nose of one of the huge aircraft operated by the U.S. Twenty-first Bomber Command now attacking Japan from the newly-created air base on Saipan Island, in the Marianas

WHEN THE GENERAL ELECTION COMES (1)

The First of a Series of Three Articles Dealing with the Chances of Success of the Three Chief Political Parties

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE prospect of a General Election before the end of the summer is the most exhilarating political event since the dissolution of the Rump. Perhaps this is a back-handed compliment, but it cannot be helped.

The present House of Commons, which dates back to 1935, counts amongst its 615 members—according to the 1945 Year Books—352 Conservatives, 172 Labour, 47 Liberals and National-Liberals combined, 6 National Labour, 10 Ulster Unionists, 2 Irish Abstentionists, 1 Communist, 2 Nationalists and 15 Independents. Of the last-named group it is sufficient to presume that the bulk will lose their seats to one or other of the recognised parties, as the Prime Minister suggested some time ago. That goes for the three Commonwealth M.P.s as well. Apart from which, over 150 M.P.s are retiring of their own volition.

But what about the chances of the Conservatives, Liberals and the Socialists at the Victory Election? Personally, I would like to bet on the Conservative Party as long as the Prime Minister survives, followed by dissolution within eighteen months, leaving the Labour Party to hold the baby. But I am no political prophet. I merely propose to record the political forms of the three parties and, without comment, to examine their chances.

Let us take the Liberals first, if only because they will be last. What are their aims, plans and proposals in view of the fact that the three "E's"—Employment, Export and Education—complete with the names of Housing and Civil Aviation, are the real Big Five of our post-war problems? Mind you, research shows us that the two main questions which the troops want answered are: (1) How did we get into the war so unprepared? (2) As all politicians say that unemployment between the wars was curable, why didn't they cure it then, and why do they hope to kid us that they can cure it now?

The Liberal Party has a simple answer to both questions. It says, true enough, that it was never in power between the two wars, and that in any event it published its industrial inquiry (Yellow Book) with concrete proposals for the unemployment menace in 1928. As for lack of armament at the outbreak of war, the Liberal Party says officially that both the Liberals and the Socialists were always willing to provide whatever armaments were necessary to carry out to the full this country's obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations to take joint action against an aggressor.

In a fortnight (end of January), the Liberal Party Assembly takes place at the Kingsway Hall, and I have been studying the official resolutions which are to be submitted. With regard to employment, the Liberal Assembly offer a number of incontestable platitudes, such as "the primary aim of the State is the maintenance of full employment—*i.e.*, a condition in which there are at all times more jobs than men and women looking for jobs." This is followed by a number of pious, not to say idealistic, hopes such as "the abolition of Want, the prevention of Disease, an attack on Squalor, and an attack on Ignorance." The Assembly is also to demand "collective outlay or other action to secure good houses, good food, fuel and other necessaries at reasonable prices for all," as well as "increasing association of employees in private and public concerns alike with the management of those concerns in order to secure the maximum output." As for housing, the Liberals are to insist on the urgent necessity of the Government defining its housing policy and producing its programme without further delay. The Ministry of Town and Country Planning "must expedite its methods if we are to avoid a hold-up." A long-term policy of the Liberal Party is to bring within the reach of every family a separate dwelling fully equipped at a reasonable rent.

Looking through the eleven pages of the Assembly's agenda, it is difficult to find any specific proposals, except that full pay to be granted after the demobilisation to the troops should be extended to thirteen weeks instead of the eight weeks proposed by the Government; and that children's allowances should be increased and paid to the mothers instead of the parents jointly. All the other proposals seem to be common to all parties, such as the demobilisation of the women's Services as quickly as possible after the end of the European War; the ending of as many Defence Regulations as possible at the same date, and the location of industries on a national plan which will take into account the best interests of the whole community.

Except for a casual reference to the statement that it should be the aim of British foreign policy to arrange for the joint use of sea and air bases "and for the collective security of these areas in discharge of the joint responsibility for the maintaining of world peace," there is nothing about the immensely important and difficult problem of post-war civil aviation.

Education is dismissed in three lines with a vague demand for immediate training of a sufficient number of teachers, an adequate programme for school buildings and ample provision for adult education.

Export is mentioned in one long-winded paragraph as follows: "The Assembly demands international trading arrangements based on the expansion by all countries taking part; of the three fundamental conditions of lasting multi-lateral trade; a policy of full employment balancing all international accounts and stability of economic policy. While aiming at securing these three conditions for the sake of full employment, British policy should be directed to securing the greatest possible extension of internation trade, with a lowering of tariff barriers and elimination of other forms of restriction, both in order to raise the standard of living and by promoting economic co-operation to strengthen the bonds between nations."

Actually, this is a pretty interesting paragraph, for in it one can detect the hand of Sir William Beveridge, who is opposed to the unadulterated Free Trade which has always been a primary policy of the Liberal Party. Sir William Beveridge evidently believes in trading bargains on certain conditions. The old-time Free Trader will probably call this "discrimination," which to him is an ugly word.

The impact of Sir William Beveridge on the Liberal Party is intriguing. If he were not older than Sir Archibald Sinclair, and if the latter had got a double-first at Balliol, there would be some resemblance between Sir Williams's relations to Sir Archibald, and those between Lloyd George and Asquith. But Sir William is an Old Carthusian and not such a thruster as the former Member for Caernarvon; so he is unlikely to oust his leader as soon as possible.

To revert to the Liberal Party's policy, its so-called Charter is in some ways more specific than the preliminary agenda. The Charter calls for the education of all children until the age of sixteen, and the provision of adequate old-age pensions immediately and without a Means Test, while a sixpenny pamphlet issued by the Liberal Publications Department deals in some detail with the Party's proposals for handling Germany after the war. It must have been published some time ago, as it makes no reference to the need for preventing Germany from manufacturing flying bombs, rockets and other V-weapons. Very properly, however, it recommends that the construction of aircraft of all kinds should be forbidden in Germany, together with tanks, heavy guns, battleships and submarines. In fact, it demands that Germany must not be allowed to establish such military force as will permit her to contemplate the possibility of further successful aggression. On the other hand, the Liberals say that Germany must not be treated worse than other nations as regards economic, financial and welfare matters.

Education control of the German Press, films and radio is also suggested during the period of occupation. (Personally, I should forbid all military bands for at least 100 years in Germany. But that is neither here nor there.)

But what about the Liberal Party's chances at the General Election? Well, they propose to put up a minimum of 350 candidates, so that if all get in they would actually have a majority of their own in the House of Commons. Of existing Liberal and National Liberal M.P.s only two are retiring—Lloyd George and his fellow-Welsh M.P. across the bay, Sir Haydn Jones, who stands for Merioneth and, incidentally, for the men of Harlech. Of the 350 candidates, over 160 will be Service men, both officers or other ranks. It is already announced that no fewer than six staff officers on Field-Marshal Montgomery's 21st Army Group Headquarters are to stand in the Liberal interest.

In the present war there is considerable distrust and apathy among Service men concerning politicians generally. The pages of *Punch* during the last war are studded with humorous drawings on this subject. As an example of it, a naval officer recently described in the Press how none of his men would fill in any form which would entitle them to factual information about the political parties prior to their ultimate recording their votes. The forms were issued twice, and on each occasion they were returned blank. When he told them that it was their duty to exercise their individual political rights, they told him with one accord that they did not believe any of the political parties.

As for the Army, it will be most interesting to see how the men ultimately vote, if only because the millions of booklets issued on the subject of politics, both national and local, by the Army Bureau of Current Affairs and the Army Education Corps have raised the standard of general knowledge among the troops to an unimaginable level compared with the last war.

Personally, I feel that this will result, as already shown by the ship's crew previously mentioned, in a kind of mass political agnosticism. In a way, this might well benefit the Liberal Party to the exclusion of the Conservatives and the Socialists. For alone of the three main parties, the Liberals can claim that they have been out of power ever since the last war; it cannot be tarred with the same brush, and might well be entitled to a chance to show that they not only would have done, but could do, better than the Conservatives or Socialists. They, therefore, have a golden opportunity which, however, they have already missed by failing to be suitably specific and detailed about their aims and objectives.

HOW THE BRITISH SOLDIER GETS HIS HOT MEALS

THE ARMY STOVE WHICH HAS BEEN MANUFACTURED OUT OF USED 25-POUNDER SHELL-CASES: This simple petrol-vapour stove was first drawn and produced by Captain Scarlsbrook, Army Catering Corps; Major R. R. Newton, R.A.S.C., and Major R. Venning, R.A.S.C. It is made from used 25-pounder shell-cases. The case is cut into three portions. The top piece is cast aside. The centre portion is used for the windshield and mess tin rest. The base, which is inverted and a flat piece of metal welded on to it, is the container for the spirit. Through the percussion-cap is inserted the coiled copper pipe which is the vaporiser and burner. The working principle is that when the copper pipe is heated with a little petrol, it vaporises the spirit in the stove which is ejected through small holes in the coil of the pipe. A mess tin of water can thus be boiled in seven minutes

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

THE ROAD TO PINWE, IMPORTANT MILESTONE ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY : Men of the British 36th Division moving up to the front. Heavy fighting preceded the capture of the Burmese town of Pinwe on November 30, 1944, by the British 36th Division, veterans of the present campaign against the Japs. One month later, following a link-up with the 4th Corps (which had advanced from the west bank of the Chindwin River), troops of the Fourteenth Army came up to within 12 miles of Yeu and only 85 miles from the important town of Mandalay

A SCENE DURING THE FIGHTING AROUND PINWE : A Battery Command Post, installed in front of a native hut whose covering has been blown off, directs the fire of the British guns on the Jap positions in the town

THE CROSSING OF THE CHINDWIN RIVER, IN THE SITTAUNG AREA : An unopposed bridgehead on the road to Tokyo. From Mitkyina to Mandalay, there are many such river crossings to be made, and many miles of bitter jungle to traverse by our jungle Army

TROOPS OF A WELSH REGIMENT LANDED ON THE EAST BANK OF THE CHINDWIN RIVER after the unchallenged crossing : On November 17, British and Indian troops of the 4th Corps crossed the Chindwin, near Sittaung, and pushed east, finally linking up with the 36th British Division during the week ending December 15. Between these two dates, the 4th Corps captured Pinlebu, "Oil" Indaw and three other townships on the Mandalay railway—Nankan, Wuntho and Kawlin. All these towns were of vital importance to the Japanese; they will now serve as focal points for further operations against the enemy

NEW PICTURES of the BURMA CAMPAIGN

FOUR BRITISH ARMY COMMANDERS KNIGHTED AT AN INVESTITURE CEREMONY IN ASSAM : Field-Marshal Wavell, Viceroy of India, bestows his decoration on General Slim, the Commander of the Fourteenth Army : At an Investiture ceremony near Imphal, Assam, on December 15, 1944, Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India, in the name of King George VI, invested with the order of Knighthood four British Lieut.-Generals—Slim, Christison, Scoones and Stopford. He also decorated British and Indian soldiers of all ranks. Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander; Lieut.-General Sir Oliver Leese, Commander-in-Chief, Allied Land Forces; Lieut.-General F. A. M. Browning, Chief of Staff, S.E.A.C.; and Air Marshal Sir Guy Garrod were all present at the ceremony. A guard of honour was formed by the Royal Scots for the Army, and by the R.A.F. Regiment for the Air Force

AT THE INVESTITURE : Admiral Mountbatten talks to General Browning (recently appointed to be his Chief of Staff, and formerly in command of Britain's Airborne Army)

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

RELIGION IN VILLAGE LIFE.—No subject under the sun is more dangerous and troublesome for a journalist who desires peace than that of religion in any aspect. Every writer will agree that readers who differ from his opinions on religious matters express their disagreement with more bitterness and uncompromising ferocity than do his critics in any other field. That religion demands fanaticism, I make no doubt. If religion is to return as a force in the life of this nation (and until it does there can be no peace and security nationally or internationally), *indifference* is the cardinal failing. So much I admit; but it is possible to be keen without being bitter, and to hold strong views without expressing them with barbs and bludgeons.

None can deny that to-day religion is a theme of vital significance which needs to be ventilated, since it is a practice which sorely needs to be performed.

It follows that no publicist or preacher should shun the topic, if he be conscientious, on the ground that its ventilation will bring a bitter wind about his ears. All he can do is to use what means he can to temper the wind of criticism by employing, on his part, the restraint and moderation and courtesy which civilisation (not to say Christianity) lays down as desirable in all discussions of views and in human relations generally.

SUNNINGHILL PARK, AT ASCOT, which may one day become an establishment for Princess Elizabeth: The King, it is understood, intends to work four farms which were added to the Royal estates by the recent purchase of Sunninghill Park, which covers 700 acres and lies between Windsor Great Park and Ascot racecourse. It was used by Charles I as a shooting-box, and has been sold by Mrs. Hill, widow of the late Mr. Philip E. Hill. Dairy Shorthorn cows are seen grazing with the mansion in the background

The Parish Priest.—It is probably a reasonable and acceptable proposition to lay down that the parish church should be the centre of inspiration in village life, the "meeting-place of friends," the hub from which radiates the ideal of the good life for a Christian and a citizen. None should quarrel with that, even if a pedant contribute the tag that charity begins at home.

In this country of ours, in the bad old days before Henry II, there was no such thing as a "common" law. The laws of the Barons and of the Manors varied greatly in different localities. It could fairly be said that there was a law for the rich and a law for the poor, a law for the man of Wessex and a different law for the man of Mercia. And that (it was generally agreed) was a *bad thing*.

Religion and law are not "on all fours." To-day we are all subject to the same system of laws. We are not, and are not compelled to be, subject to the same religious teaching, albeit it would be good for humanity if all of us were subject to some form of religious discipline. We have an established form of religion and are free to practise a variety of other forms not less (and for all I know, more) desirable.

But in one sense the religious analogy *is* on all fours with the judicial. In village communities, it is highly desirable that those who follow any one form of the Christian religion should "speak the same language" and subscribe to the same forms and practices. Why? Because, for one reason, the average village has but one church and one parson of any given sect, in which and by whom that form of religion is practised and taught.

Thus the incumbent of the Established Church in the village of Auburn preaches the Protestant religion and practises its forms in the village church of Auburn. He must speak in the language of his rural flock which all may understand.

Does he? There is the rub. There are more languages than one in the Established Church, and here and there it may happen that the shepherd speaks to his flock in a language which only half of them understand. What follows, if the forms used in a village church are incomprehensible or objectionable to half the parishioners? It follows that half the parish is excommunicated and left to paganism or self-help. And what are these two voices or different languages? Alas, it is here that controversy arises!

I am not going to raise the issues by one inch higher than need be. In Christianity, if a man be a Christian, "all tastes are good." It may well be that the picturesque and often beautiful forms and ceremonial of Anglo-Catholicism are not only desirable in themselves, in letting in to public worship light and colour and imagery, but are, besides, the truest expression of the intentions of those great men who, centuries ago, devised the forms of public worship and of Christian practices.

It may be that "lower-church" practices are compromises in, or lapses from, a higher ideal and standard; are proofs of laziness among eighteenth-century churchmen or of indifference among their flock; that the Matins of Victorian tradition were but a bastard lapse. I neither know nor wish to argue the matter.

Magna and Parva.—Take the history of the parish church of Auburn Magna in Wessex during the past twenty years. Under Anglo-Catholic bishops, Anglo-Catholic priests have been all that time instituted and incumbent. Fine men, gentlemen, fanatical or selfless in their efforts to serve their parish and to practise the forms of religion to which they subscribed.

They have striven and succeeded in making their church a living force for many. The Eucharist at 11 o'clock on Sunday at Auburn Church became a magnet drawing worshippers from a wider area. Before the war, lines of big cars were parked outside the churchyard . . . *but* half the parish stayed away. Half the parish had no tolerable religious fare.

The Dilemma.—What a dilemma is here for a keen and conscientious priest! Half his parish left out in the cold, while the success of his efforts of service is proved by a park of cars from his neighbour-priests' territories!

A dilemma indeed; and who would be so rash as to propound a solution? Bare British justice might suggest that, to serve and satisfy the whole parish, the changes should be rung fifty-fifty, and that a "low-church" parson should succeed an Anglo-Catholic and the traditional Matins return for a period in place of the Eucharist at 11 o'clock on Sundays; so that by this compromise one-half of the parishioners might not be permanently excommunicated. In Auburn, as it happens, the dilemma was duplicated. Some of the excommunicated half-decided to help themselves and, with assistance from outside given by a noble old retired parson, restored as their religious centre a little lost "hunting chapel" or church in the neighbouring hamlet. And here they worshipped according to the traditional uses of their youth. But the Church authorities decided to amalgamate the two parishes and to hand over to the new vicar of Auburn Magna the rectorial stipend of little Auburn Parva, requiring of the new vicar of Magna that he should serve both churches and both sub-sects of his parishioners. The new vicar, with all the will in the world, bent his mind to the task, and soon found that a just compromise agreeable to all was hard to attain. "British justice" again pointed to a precise fifty-fifty—on two Sundays each month Eucharist at 11 o'clock at Magna, on two Sundays a month Matins at the same hour at Parva. In that event, he chose to continue every Sunday the 11 o'clock Eucharist at Magna and to provide a 10 o'clock Matins at Parva each Sunday.

And instantly the attendance at Parva dropped to a handful of the "lower school." Before condemning the congregation of the Parva faithful as obstinate, lazy or lukewarm, economic considerations must be examined. The wartime housewife, so-called rich or poor, is a busy woman, and she and her family are hard put to it even on the day of rest to put their house in order by 9.30 a.m., so as to be free to attend church at 10 a.m. To that extent, the traditional 11 o'clock Sunday service has in it significance transcending mere tradition; and the Parva half of the new vicar's flock seem prima facie entitled to their share of the good things of religion at an hour convenient for the proper discharge of mundane (but still necessary) duties.

What is the right decision? How should the new vicar resolve his dilemma and impartially feed his flock?

It is a question which none should answer in haste, or uncompromisingly with bludgeons, since any faintest spark of religion in village life needs to be fostered and nursed to flame with infinite care and patience.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

LOVE IN IDLENESS (Lyric).—The remarkable brilliance of the acting of Mr. Alfred Lunt and Miss Lynn Fontanne has tended to cast into the shade the cleverness and the frequent wit of Mr. Terence Rattigan's comedy. Indeed, to have a play acted by the Lunts cuts both ways so far as an author is concerned—that is to say, it is a considerable honour for him, while at the same time most of the limelight is switched on to those marvellous, and most welcome, visitors from America. I grant that *Love in Idleness* is no mighty masterpiece, and I would not exactly rush to see it performed by an inferior company. Yet this Hamlet-ish yarn of a youth who objects to his mother "living in sin" with a wealthy politician and who gets her away from her lover to live in a cheap suburban flat until the happy ending comes along, has merits in plenty in itself. As the nasty, priggish Left-Winger son, Mr. Brian Nissen came near to putting himself on a Lunt-like plane.

Miss Lynn Fontanne, as Olivia Brown, and Mr. Alfred Lunt, as Sir John Fletcher, in "Love in Idleness" at the Lyric Theatre

Another Love Story (Phœnix).—The general opinion seems to be that this latest play of Frederick Lonsdale is somewhat disappointing. None the less, I enjoyed all of it, with the exception of a long-drawn-out, would-be naughty and very tedious bedroom scene. The piece is entirely plotless. It merely concerns a gang of rich people who form a week-end house-party near New York and spend their time, when not drinking cocktails, in getting engaged to each other, breaking it off, chasing each other and being chased. But it is all done very slickly. Miss Campbell is a real charmer and she can act. She should beware of a tendency to act too much. Mr. Anton Walbrook gives an equally attractive performance as her lover, and Mr. Roland Culver, Miss Zena Dare, Mr. A. E. Matthews, Mr. Michael Shepley and Miss Rosalyn Boulter all add to the fun.

Alice in Wonderland (Palace).—In the cold grey dawn of Boxing Day, I ventured, shivering, to *Alice in Wonderland*, with, in this case, *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* tacked on to it. Miss Peggy Cummins a delightful Alice, and Dame Sybil Thorndike in grand, and sometimes terrifying, form. What a marvellous and heroic person is Dame Sybil—to busy herself with English whimsy at the Palace in the mornings and with Norwegian whimsy (*Peer Gynt*) at the New Theatre o' nights!

Peter Pan (Stoll).—To say that one does not like *Peter Pan* is to risk as much abuse from the British public as to say that one does not like dogs. I am "allergic," as they say nowadays, to both. But I certainly do like Miss Frances Day, this year's Peter, and consider her one of the best of the many I have seen. She is supported by a first-rate cast, and there is little doubt that the vast Stoll Theatre will be well-filled for every performance throughout the run.

Pantomimes.—All are good. At the Coliseum, in *Goody Two Shoes*, you will find Miss Pat Kirkwood, who is an ideal principal boy, with Mr. Richard Hearne, Mr. Fred Emney and Messrs. Naughton and Gold to supply the fun. Another excellent show is *Babes in the Wood*, at His Majesty's, with Miss Adèle Dixon (another good-looker and a good singer as well) as Robin Hood, and plenty of laughs from Messrs. Nervo and Knox and "Monsewer" Eddie Gray. The best pantomime story of all, *Cinderella*, is at the Winter Garden, with Miss Binnie Hale and Mr. Bobbie Howes to the fore. The lavish production of these pantomimes is amazing.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER TWO CHILDREN VISIT THE COLISEUM PANTOMIME: The two boxes occupied by the Royal party during the matinee performance on January 2. Princess Alexandra and Prince Edward (now Duke of Kent) are seen in the right-hand box; the Duchess (with Lord and Lady Herbert) in the left. After the performance the Royal party went behind the scenes, and the children were given a ride on the stage on the pantomime "horse"

THE NEW DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF MAN-POWER at the Ministry of Labour: Mr. Harold C. Emmerson, whose task it will be to implement the Government's recently-announced new call-up of men for the Services. The post was vacated when Sir Godfrey Ince became Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Labour and National Service. Mr. Emmerson is forty-eight

PERSONALITY PAGE

New Portraits of People in the News

THE NAZIS' YOUNGEST GENERAL in command at Budapest: The *Wehrmacht* General Helmut Doerner is thirty-five years old: he is one of "Hitler's young men," and was put in command of the German forces defending Budapest because of his utter ruthlessness and fanatic adherence to the Nazi Party

WILLY MESSERSCHMITT, chief of the aircraft company, who was recently reported to have been arrested by the Gestapo in Waldshut, South Germany, while trying to escape into Switzerland. With another director, their wives and children, they arrived at the frontier post of Bargen, but were prevented from crossing the border by the Swiss Guard

GENERAL SCOBIE'S FAMILY: While fifty-year-old General R. M. Scobie (British C.-in-C. in Greece) is trying to cope with the difficult situation in Athens, his tall, attractive wife and seventeen-year-old daughter are staying at Cleeve Hill, near Cheltenham. Miss Jane Scobie is in her second year at the Ladies' College there

THE PRESIDENT'S SECOND SON and his new bride. Colonel Elliott Roosevelt with blonde actress Faye Emerson. It is Colonel Roosevelt's third, and Miss Emerson's second, marriage

ADMIRAL SIR BERTRAM RAMSAY, Allied Naval C.-in-C. Expeditionary Force, killed in an aeroplane crash on January 2: He was in a special aircraft on his way to a conference in Brussels when it crashed just after taking-off from an airport near Paris. Admiral Ramsay was sixty-one years of age. He planned the Dunkirk evacuation, was responsible for the naval side of the invasion of North Africa, and was in command of the D-Day operations in Normandy

A NEW ASSISTANT CHIEF OF NAVAL STAFF AT THE ADMIRALTY—Rear-Admiral L. D. Mackintosh, D.S.O., D.S.C., who succeeds Rear-Admiral R. H. Portal, D.S.C. He joined the Navy before the last war, was a Midshipman in 1914 and a Lieutenant in 1917. He won the D.S.C. in 1918 when serving in a destroyer. From 1939-41 he was Chief Staff Officer, Royal Australian Naval Air Service: later he was in charge of the British aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Eagle*

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE BEST OF THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Another Collection of Drawings by James Thurber; A Sequel to "The Forest and the Fort"; A Trip to the Insect World; Crime in San Francisco; A Russian Novel by an English Author

MR. JAMES THURBER has been public-spirited enough to make another collection of his drawings, and I can do no better than quote from Dorothy Parker's introduction to them. MEN, WOMEN AND DOGS (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) opens with these fateful—and typical—words.

"I had long ago made my design for what was to become of me when the Reaper had swung his scythe through my neck. I was to be cremated after death—at least, I always trusted it would be after death. I even left instructions to this effect in my will, a document that might otherwise have been writ in a large, schoolgirl backhand on the head of a pin. Now, with the publication of this book, I must change those words, and with them my plans for the long, long rest. Now I want to be left as approximately is, so I may be buried in a prominent place on a travelled thoroughfare through a wildly popular cemetery.

"Above me I want a big white stone—you will see why it must be big—on which I want carven in clear letters: 'Uncover before this dust, for when it was a woman, it was doubly honoured. Twice in life it was given to her below to introduce the work of James Thurber. Reader, who around here, including you, can tie that record?'"

Almost all of these are drawings which have appeared before in the pages of the *New Yorker*, but that will make no difference to the enjoyment even of the favoured few who are still able to get that publication in wartime. They remain a constant, and not a variable constant, either. The dogs are as innocent, as worried, as shapeless and as irresistible as ever. The women have perhaps become a shade more repellent, sometimes even menacing, but then, that is the point of Thurber women, and the men, as Mrs. Parker points out, incline even more to the timid and the wearing of pince-nez.

HOW THE VICTORIA CROSS IS MADE: Alec Forbes is sixty years old: for the past forty years he has cast all the Victoria Crosses bestowed by the King. The metal for these comes from enemy guns captured at Sebastopol. In the above picture, Mr. Forbes is melting down the bronze to make his 751st Cross

There is, of course, the possible exception of the brooding gentleman of whom two fellow-guests (women) say in awe: "He doesn't know anything except facts." We all know that it is generally women who get a rough time with Thurber's muse, though there is something beyond criticism, almost superb about the feminine illogic of the telephoning woman saying: "Well, if I called the wrong number, why did you answer the phone?" There is something haunting about that, but I leave you to select your own favourites as soon as you can lay hands on the book.

Mr. Hervey Allen is an industrious as well as a prolific writer; two attributes that do not always go together. After the immensely long, and as immensely popular *Anthony Adverse*, he has embarked on a trilogy of novels dealing with early American history, early enough to be called colonial from our point of view. *The Forest and the Fort* was the first of these, and the sequel to that this month's BEDFORD VILLAGE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.).

The period of this is the dangerous winter of 1765 on the Northern Frontier, when Fort Bedford was gradually transformed from a military strong-point to a civil community. Roused by the war between England and her American colonies, the Indians were seizing the opportunity to raid and burn and loot the white men's settlements, and many of the settlers were forced to leave their hard-won homesteads and to crowd into Fort Bedford for safety.

Community life, on a basis of good cheer and mutual helpfulness, began to be established, and the centre of that community soon became the only two-house dwelling, inhabited partly by a large, three-generation family, and partly used as a tavern, trading post, mill and general store, where the men could meet to drink, trade and gossip, and the women to work, and possibly gossip, too, in the large spinning-room.

Here the foundations of a masonic lodge among the woodsmen were laid, and the beginnings of a rough kind of social service laid down. In fact, apart from the fictional merits of this novel, it is well-worth reading as a serious study of frontier life of the time. Salathiel Albine, the white boy brought up by the Indians (cf. *The Forest and the Fort*), is again the romantic interest, this time as the leading spirit of a band of sharp-shooters, organised to patrol the roads and to strike deep into Indian territory with silent, Commando-like raids.

One very important point from the reader's angle: the prologue to this volume makes it genuinely unnecessary, except for one's own pleasure, to have read the preceding book; this story can stand on its own from any point of view. It is often held to be faintly derogatory, though I have never understood why, to say of a book that it should appeal equally to the young and the mature. *Bedford Village* is such a book, and an almost perfect example of "family reading."

It seems that children have been wrong all these years when they sang "Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home." The ladybird is just about the only insect that has no home, that hunts all day and spends the night wherever darkness overtakes it. Just another disillusion, or just another addition to one's store of knowledge, if one cares to take it the philosophic way.

THE BRONZE INGOT AND THE FINISHED VICTORIA CROSS MADE FROM IT. This ingot contains enough metal to make fifty Victoria Crosses

GRASSROOT JUNGLES (Robert Hale. 25s.) is a fascinating book, if you are not the pusillanimous type to be alarmed at turning over a page and being confronted with a full-page photograph of the face of a fighting hornet, glaring at you at what seems much too close a range, and with the information that curiously fails to reassure, that "they go on the warpath only when their nests are disturbed."

Mr. Edwin Way Teale's book includes 130 remarkable photographs, nearly all of which prove either that he lives on terms of the closest comradeship with the insect world, or that he has a camera with an extraordinarily magnifying lens. I prefer to think it is the former, and think I may have some justification, since Mr. Teale has devoted years to their study which, he writes, "is a backyard hobby, open to all."

When one learns that nine-tenths of all the living creatures on the face of the earth are insects, one is given prodigiously to think, and that is probably just the effect the author was counting when he made that statement on the first page of his book, and almost forced the reader into a receptive mood.

PUZZLE FOR PUPPETS (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) gave me a convincing chill and a thrill. It is an amateur detective story, by which I mean it is a story about an amateur detective though written by the professional and practised pen of Mr. Patrick Quentin. I haven't read his work before and wish I had.

In this instance, Mr. Quentin writes about San Francisco, which has always been my own Priority Number One city for visiting as soon as civilians are allowed to roam around again. He seems to have a pretty affectionate feeling for it himself and, rather like Simenon, manages to convey the atmosphere of the place in some detail without detracting in the least from the suspense or pace of the action.

THE RECENT COLD SNAP TAMED THE LONDON SPARROWS: With their feeding-grounds frozen too hard for their beaks to dig out the worms and other natural foods, the birds in London's parks were thankful for the morsels of bread fed to them by hand. This picture, taken in St. James's Park, shows how the sparrows queued-up for a tasty snack offered by a friendly visitor

A naval Lieutenant, on leave with his beautiful Hollywood starlet wife, is the young sleuth in the case, and one of the most refreshing twists in a by no means stereotyped story is that this is just one occasion when the bright amateur does not make circles round the dim-witted police force in deduction. He is brave and impulsive and attractive, and he's also all wrong. None of his clues work out the way they should, and he gets himself out of desperate situations by no efforts of his own. A pleasant change for the inveterate reader of this type of literature, and one that I recommend to you.

Miss E. M. Almedingen has quite an extraordinary gift in being able to present the Russian people in a manner which English-speaking people can understand and appreciate—without a political bias. She does not belittle the obvious good in the Russian regime, nor does she attempt to disguise the bad.

The author of *Frossia* has followed the destinies of the same little group of people, though in the present book the main interest is centred in another character, and DASHA (John Lane. 8s. 6d.) is chiefly the story of a little cripple girl, who has been miraculously cured in a Crimean clinic, and now sets out to make her own life.

The story opens in the years before the present war, and closes with the siege of Leningrad, in which Dasha loses her husband, and yet finds the courage to go on living. As I remember it from the first book, the style is simple and, as it were, friendly. The characters draw close to the reader, and yet without that suffocating sense of self-analysis and introspection that has been so difficult for the comprehension of many Russian novels.

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

Our British Navy is the grandest in the world, and our *Arethusa* Training Ship boys who have passed to the Navy are some of the grandest sailors in the world. Please help us to train more splendid sailors to guard our shores by sending a donation to the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

"Good heavens, man!"

He gave my shoulder another five-pronged grasp. You mean . . .?" I nodded solemnly. "Absolutely" I said. As you can gather, we were talking about fish—the merits of mushroom sauce over steamed plaice as opposed to just a lump of flat fish on a flat plate. But I was getting bored with this fishy conversation. "What about that astonishing valve you started to tell me about the other day?" He immediately relaxed. "What, the *J.V.* Pressure Controller? It's a wonderful application of a law of Nature—you know it as Boyle's Law. Briefly, it's a way of harnessing steam, gases and liquids at a pressure above that of the atmosphere, and listen, the *J.V.* Controller is both Instantly Variable and Infinitely Variable. Now, it's on hush-hush work, but later on you'll be mighty intrigued (I'm a rather decent steam engineer) so will others interested in internal economies in ships, chemical works, power houses, and breweries . . . but tell me, old man," he said, dialling the old conversation again, "do you cook the mushrooms before they go into the brown sauce?" Don't ask us about sauces—we can't tell you, but we can tell you more about the *J.V.* Pressure Controller.

BELL PUNCH COMPANIES

39 ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

make and sell — Traffic Tickets · Ticket Punches · Totalisators · Taximeters Automatic Navigators · Pressure J.V. Controllers · Calculating Machines Ticket Issuing Machines.

PARENT COMPANY: CONTROL SYSTEMS LTD.

"BLACK & WHITE"

'Time for Bed'

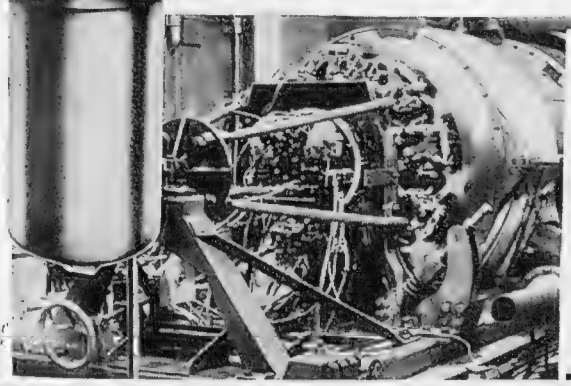
When it is bed-time, it is also time to take a glass of "BLACK & WHITE". This will ensure a quiet and refreshing sleep and soothe the worries of these trying times.

"It's the Scotch!"

Engine wear
BEGINS ON THE TEST BED

IT is a well-known fact that the first few hours of an engine's "life" are the most critical. That is why manufacturers insist upon certain speed limits being observed if their guarantees are to remain valid. But only recently—and in still too few quarters—has it been realised that the life—and wear—of an engine begins, not in service, but on the Test Bed. No matter how careful the makers may be in degreasing, cleaning and polishing the component parts, once an engine starts running under its own power, and lubricating oil begins to circulate, foundry sand in the castings, and unsuspected abrasive dirt inherent in the surfaces is loosened and damage is done. Aero-engine manufacturers have learned this truth. Their Test Beds are fitted with Vokes Oversize Filters. The Oil Filter has been known to extract 5 lbs of dirt and sludge from an engine running non-stop for 137 hours. Models are made in single and twin form with capacities of from 15 to 3,000 g.p.h. in engine oil and from 30 to 6,000 g.p.h. in hydraulic oil.

VOKES TEST BED OIL FILTER



You can ensure

that your engines leave the Test Bed in perfect condition by fitting Vokes Oversize Air, Oil and Fuel Filters and the Vokes Oversize Crank Case Breather Filter. Like all their 3,000 models, these Filters have an efficiency rating of 99·9 per cent.; and 25 years of scientific manufacturing experience is behind their production.

VOKES LTD LONDON S.W.

Pioneers in Scientific Filtration

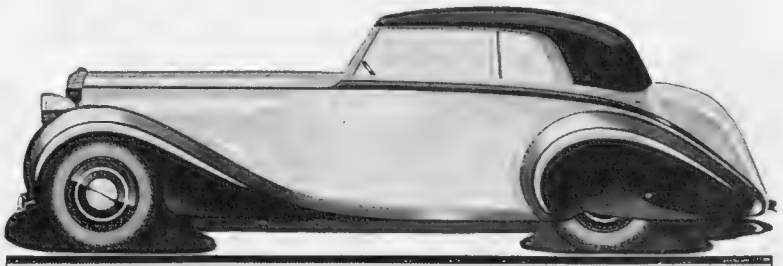
CONTRACTORS TO THE BRITISH AND DOMINION GOVERNMENTS

DESIGNERS, PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS OF AIR, OIL AND FUEL FILTERS AND OF COMPLETE AIR CLEANER INSTALLATIONS AND SILENCERS

Works of

CHARACTER
IN
WAR & PEACE

We look forward to the time when our facilities will once more be at the disposal of our peacetime Clientele.



ARE FASHIONED BY

WINDOVERS

THE COACHBUILDERS

This is the Gin

By Appointment to
H.M. King George VI.
TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD.

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices : per bottle 25/3 ; Half bottle 13/3. *Gt. Britain & Northern Ireland only*

Highland honours

How and why the picturesque custom of giving a toast with "Highland honours" arose seems to be lost in antiquity—perhaps some Gaelic authority can enlighten us.

But here is the manner of it.

The Chairman rising and putting his left foot on his chair and his right on the table proposes a health with Highland honours. All the company rise and following the Chairman's example, he then gives the following orders.

"Suas e Suas e Suas e" (up with it)
the whole company raise glasses above their heads

"Sios e Sios e Sios e" (down with it)
glasses lowered to breast level

"Null e Null e Null e" (thither with it)
all glasses held out the full extent of the arm

"Nall e Nall e Nall e" (hither with it)
all glasses brought back to the face

The glasses are then drained completely (no heel taps) three loud cheers given and the name of the person toasted shouted. "A ris a ris" (again, again) brings a finale in an extra cheer and for especially honoured toasts the glasses are flung over the left shoulder and smashed.

Schweppes★ *Table Waters*
famous since 1790

★ Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product—but Schweppes will return with Victory

V225 KERFOOT

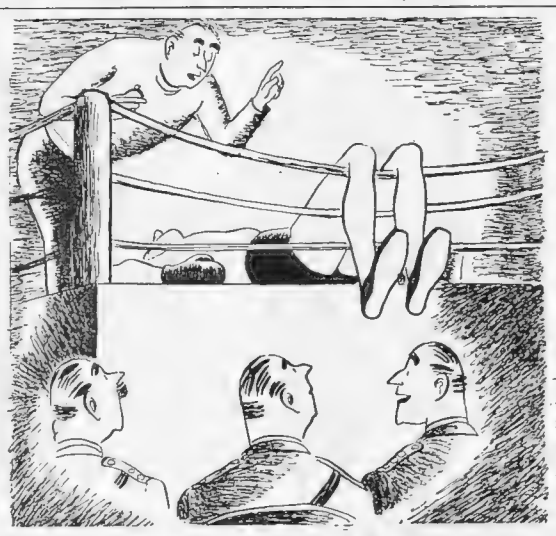
The modern treatment for Colds

VAPEX

A Drop on your Handkerchief

Like many other good things Vapex had to make way for more imperatively urgent needs. Throughout the war pharmaceutical work of national importance has taken and must take first place. Normal conditions will bring a return of Vapex

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England



"... and at Saxone they measure both feet"

At Saxone, "Footprint Fitting" means that we measure each foot separately in three different ways. Made to measure comfort in ready to wear shoes.

SAXONE CIVIL AND SERVICE SHOEMAKERS
40 STRAND, 11 CHEAPSIDE, ETC., LONDON. SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY
A.5

Great Scotch!

Old Angus is a noble Scotch, a great Scotch, but how rare it is these days. And why? Until Scotch whisky is distilled again, we must go gently with our stocks, so that now and in the future old friends may meet and talk with old friends warmed by the amber glow of Old Angus.

A NOBLE SCOTCH *Gentle as a lamb*

OLD ANGUS

OA6

Manufactured entirely in London, England

Barling PIPE CRAFT

Take care of your Barling Pipe. When available the very limited supplies are sent to Barling Agents.

Prices are as follows :

	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
Standard or Sandblast	10/6	13/6	16/6	20/-
Ye Olde Wood Selected Grains	S.S. 15/6	S-M. 18/6	L. 21/6	E.L. 25/-

Letters S.S., S.M., L., E.L., on each pipe indicate sizes—Small-Small, Small-Medium, Large and Extra Large.

Index of Sizes clearly marked on each stem

Manufactured by
B. BARLING & SONS *(Estd. in London 1812)*
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"

SECURITY can be assured against every climatic change, very simply, by wearing

THE BURBERRY

PROOF WITHOUT HEAT—WARM WITHOUT WEIGHT

A security most healthful and comforting. A gilt-edge security and unsurpassed for long service.

Telephone : Whitehall 3343

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1
BURBERRYS LTD.

'Excellent biscuits' . . .

SAID THE PRINCE

'Your Royal Highness's munificence' said Dr. Oliver, pocketing the Prince's cheque, 'cannot be exceeded save by'... 'the quality of your excellent biscuits,' interrupted the Prince.

Already famous among the fashionables of that day were these excellent biscuits invented by Dr. Oliver. After more than two centuries their unique palatability and flavour remain unchanged. Wartime demands have made Bath Oliver Biscuits less plentiful, but they should be readily available again when the world returns to peace.

Fortts

BATH OLIVER

BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady

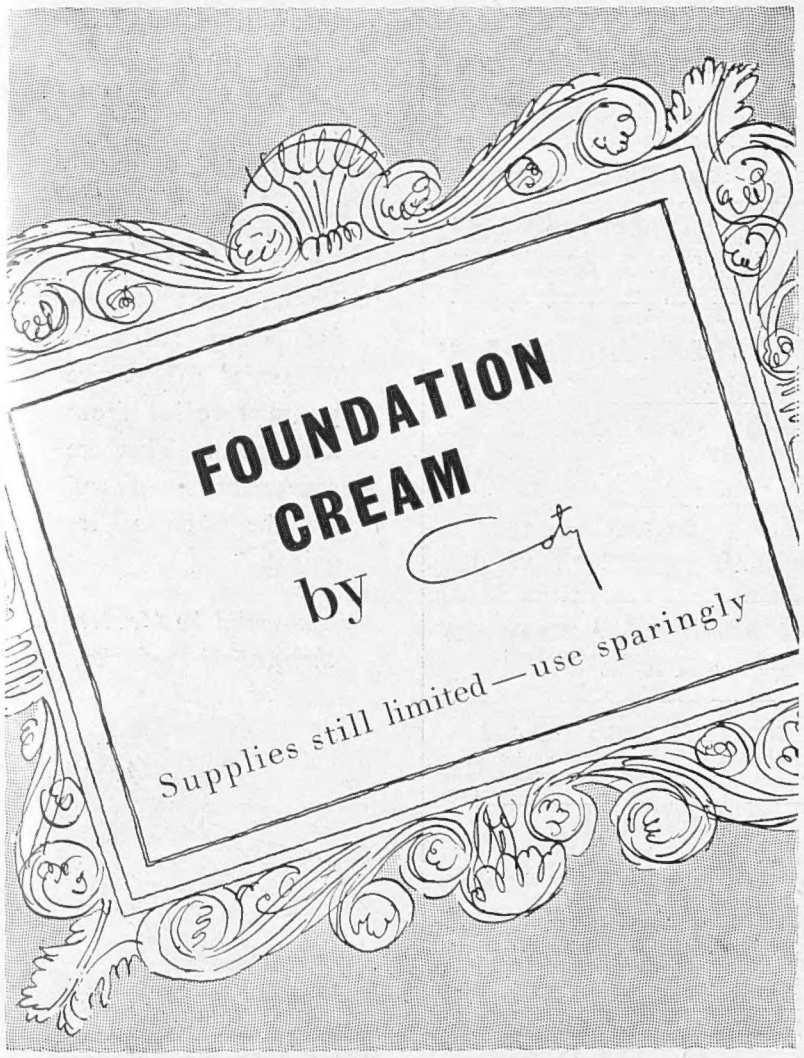
Sylvia loves to make drawings of everything she sees. She is very serious about it, and intends to be an artist when she grows up. Sylvia herself is a subject for any artist, with her lovely complexion and the light playing on her nut-brown hair. Her mother is making sure that she retains that flawless complexion: Sylvia has been washed with Pears Soap since she was a baby—Pears Soap and clear water—the secret of Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady.

PEARS SOAP

We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now.

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

GG 374/396



Horrockses

REGD.

the Greatest Name in Cotton

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES
TOWELS · FLANNELETTES
WINCETTES · DRESS GOODS
SHIRTINGS · FURNISHINGS
UTILITY FABRICS · ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

WHERE THERE'S NEED—

UNFAILING SERVICE

In desert dust or clinging mud, in rain-sodden countryside or steaming jungle, in Burma or Belgium, the Red Shield marks the spot where the fighting men of the United Nations can find relaxation, a touch of home, a reminder of spiritual values.

The Salvation Army's work among men and women of the Forces is guided by experience gained on a score of battle-fronts, and backed by an organisation operating in 97 countries.

But much more remains to be done. More prayers, many hands—much money—all are still needed. Will you please help? Send a gift to-day to:—

GENERAL CARPENTER,
101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4

THE SALVATION ARMY
Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

THERE'S THE SALVATION ARMY!

THE ARMY THAT SERVES ON EVERY FRONT

38/123

COMMON COLD

Common sense . .

THE common sense approach to the problem of the common cold is "Serocalcin" and people who maintain that colds are "inevitable" ignore available *facts*. For more than eight years "Serocalcin" has been prescribed by the Medical Profession and the efficacy of "Serocalcin" for treatment or prophylaxis *in some 8 out of 10 cases* is now a matter of established *fact*.

•

"Serocalcin" (reg. trade mark) is a sulpho-guaiacolic plasma precipitate which enhances the resistive capacity of the body against invading organisms that cause colds. It is contained in small tablets, easy and pleasant to take.

•

Three tablets, three times daily, will usually clear up a cold in 48 to 72 hours.

•

Two tablets daily, for 30 consecutive days, provide immunity in some 8 out of 10 cases for a period of 3 to 4 months.

•

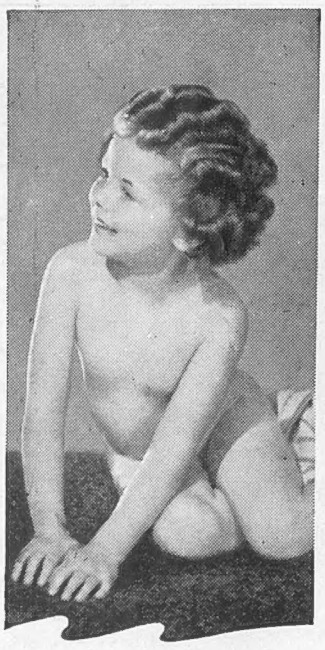
There are no "drugs" in "Serocalcin" and consequently no unpleasant reactions. Treatment or prevention can be given to children with perfect safety.

•

A treatment pack of 20 "Serocalcin" tablets costs 3/4½ (inc. tax). The full immunizing course of 60 tablets costs 8/5½ (inc. tax). All who suffer from the common cold are invited to send 1d. stamp (to comply with regulations) for booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN PREVENTS COLDS

Harwoods Laboratories, Ltd., Rickmansworth Road, Watford, Herts



Make Wright's the 'rule' for the Toilet and Nursery. Kind to the tenderest skin.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

ONE TABLET ONE COUPON

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PRO-TECTIVE CUTIS

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Meet your friends in the RICHMONDE LOUNGE of the
NORFOLK HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH
One of Britain's finest hotels
and listen-in to the Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra.

CREST HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX
"A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex." Under the personal direction of Mrs. Eglinton Adams. A fully-equipped first-class Hotel with nearby Golf and Riding. Cocktail Lounge. Central heating throughout. All-weather Tennis Court. Lift. Tel.: 394.

If QUANTITY is less, QUALITY remains in the Dining Room of
The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter
The social hub of Devon

THE GEORGIAN HOTEL
HASLEMERE SURREY
Spend a Restful Leave at this Charming Country Hotel. Good cooking. Fully licensed. Two acres of "old-world" gardens. Tel. Management—268 for Tariff.

THE HAND HOTEL, LLANGOLLEN
One of the best known and best equipped hotels in North Wales, at entrance to the Welsh Tyrol. Quiet, restful, amidst beautiful scenery. H. and C. running water all bedrooms. Good train service. Close station. Terms from 20/- per day incl. Own salmon fishing. Tel.: Llangollen 3207.

COMPLEAT ANGLER HOTEL, MARLOW
Comfort, good food, and a well-stocked bar await you at this well-known Hotel in one of the most beautiful parts of the Thames Valley, only 30 miles from London. Tel. No.: Marlow 15.

FUIDGE MANOR, SPREYTON, MID DEVON
700 feet up, facing South, lovely surroundings. Enjoy rest and comfort in this Charming Country House Hotel. Cocktail Bar. Squash, Tennis, Billiards. Rough Shooting. Really inclusive terms from 1 guinea a day. *Phone: Whiddon Down 205.*

HEADLAND HOTEL
TORQUAY
Though often full, it is an hotel to make a note of should you wish to enjoy quiet luxury midst peaceful surroundings. The Management will welcome advance enquiries.

CLEMATIS COTTAGE HOTEL, WASHINGTON SUSSEX.
For leave, or holiday from war-work, this beautiful spot in a fold of the West Sussex Downs makes an ideal change. Perfectly cooked food. Comfortable beds. First-class golf, 4 miles (on bus route). Lovely walks. Excellent bus service from Horsham, Brighton, Pulborough, Worthing. From 5 gns. Tel.: Ashington 233.

ON WINDERMERE LAKE
LANGDALE CHASE HOTEL
OWN BOATS AND BOAT LANDING BEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN LAKELAND

Milk of Magnesia (Regd.) *Tablets*

By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

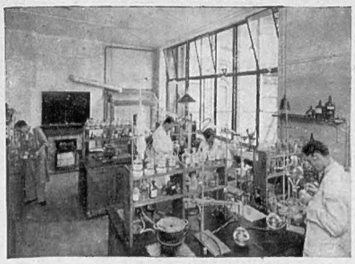
Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1945. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS of the ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL

1



A corner of one of the Research Laboratories.

Research

NOWHERE is the search for the cause and cure of Cancer prosecuted with greater vigour than in the Research Laboratories of the Royal Cancer Hospital. The nature of this scourge is investigated by many different methods, physical, chemical and biological. Certain chemical factors which may be concerned in the origin of Cancer are even now being examined. These compounds, first discovered in this institute, are now in use in laboratories all over the world. This fight in the cause of humanity involves us in a heavy expenditure *which must be met.*

We ask your help. Please send a gift *now* to the Treasurer.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W. 3.

JUST ROUND THE CORNER

"Snoozing in the sun, Tomlinson? The siesta has never established itself in our rough island story."

"Not a bit of it. Just closed my eyes to do a spot of post-war planning."

"Such as?"

"Bacon and eggs — eggs in the plural. A couple of feet of water in my bath. Bananas. Tails and white ties. Asking the man at the petrol pump to 'fill her up'."

"That all?"

"By no means. Real Gin and Limes — or is it Gins and Lime? Buckets of Rose's Lime Juice, in fact."

"But they don't sell Rose's in buckets. It is — or used to be — in tall and rather distinctive bottles."

"I know. I know. But in future I'm going to buy my Rose's by the crate."

ROSE'S—*There is no substitute*

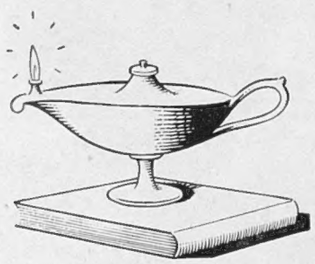
The Original West Indies APERITIF

Served cold it is a perfect Aperitif; with Ginger Ale it makes a refreshing drink and is the ideal base for a cup. Taken straight, PRHUM is an ideal 'Pick-me-up' to ease these days of strain.

PER 23/6 BOTTLE

Obtainable only through licensed dealers

Proprietors: RAWLINGS & SONS (London) LTD.



"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

"The important thing is that it *does* work, though we may not know exactly *why*." Often you will hear the wise and candid doctor of today make a remark like this about Penicillin, or the Sulphonamides, those great new discoveries of medical science. And about an old discovery as well — 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic. Opinions differ as to exactly *why* the special combination which is only found in 'Sanatogen' works wonders with exhausted nerves: but there is no difference of opinion about the fact that it does.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC
In one size only during war time — 6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).
A 'Genatosan' Product.

Interplanetary Communication

Only a dream of the future—but sometimes dreams come true. Radio and television, two of yesterday's dreams, have been greatly developed during war years by G.E.C. electronic research workers. The results of their efforts may seem like another dream.

More than this may not be disclosed—

but you can look forward to

G.E.C.

RADIO and TELEVISION

The SIGHT and SOUND of the future

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

Sparklets
(REGD. TRADE MARK)

All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.

HYGIENIC—CONVENIENT—ECONOMICAL

We Salute... and thank the magnificent men and women of all our fighting services — land, sea and air. Highly skilled and competent, they will demand of Peace exacting standards of specialisation. The Dunlop Rubber Company, so closely in touch with their needs in war, will be specially qualified to serve them in Peace.

Painted specially for the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., by William Little

DUNLOP

"An army of Specialists"

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1945. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.